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RICHARD HALLIBURTON





Richard's father, Wesley Halliburton.



Richard's mother, Nello Nance Halliburton.





Richard Halliburton.

# RICHARD HALLIBURTON

*His Story of His Life's Adventure*

*As told in Letters  
to his Mother and Father*

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

DURING the last twenty-two of his nearly forty years, Richard Halliburton wrote over a thousand letters to his mother and father. If they were printed in full they would fill several volumes the size of this. Their very number evidences an extraordinary devotion, and each individual letter enforces this with words of affection and understanding.

His travels carried him over much of the world. He was almost constantly in motion. Wherever he might be, he was intent to tell, as soon as possible, all that he had done and seen, and to pour out his impressions, his thoughts, his plans, to the two persons whom he regarded as partners in all his adventures, collaborators in all he wrote. "I try to tell you everything I do, almost to what I have for breakfast every morning."

So complete, so intimate, so revealing are they that, in a unique sense, these letters constitute an autobiography.

Richard Halliburton sailed from Hongkong on March 5, 1939, in the *Sea Dragon*. The passenger liner *President Coolidge* received a radio message on March twenty-fourth, giving the boat's position and reporting a storm. Nothing more was heard. The long, slow weeks dragged by, and at last hope held against hope had to be abandoned when the Navy Department reported that the U.S.S. *Astoria* with her four naval planes had searched a territory, starting from the craft's last radioed position, of 152,000 square miles. No trace of the *Sea Dragon* was found. Sometime later the author's father and mother were persuaded to consider the publication of the letters. The selection was edited and arranged by the publishers as a chronological narrative. The principle followed in choice and arrangement was to present those things that would disclose the man and tell with unity and continuity the story of Richard Halliburton's life. All else, as far as might be feasible, all that might interfere with progressive development and totality of effect, would be excluded.



For the reader's ease in going forward through a career of action and adventure, the words of salutation and conclusion are generally omitted, and just the date and place of writing given in bracketed italics. It is to be understood that these letters are addressed to both parents. On the rare occasions when Richard wrote to one and not to both, the salutation is printed. Included as belonging to the story are two letters to Princeton roommates, a letter or two to his publishers and his syndicated articles about the *Sea Dragon*, which he thought of as letters home.

Sometimes, especially when he was on lecture tours, the details of his movements, the schedules of arrival and departure were of interest only at the moment. In such cases, a sequence of letters is summarized, as far as possible in his own words, with only enough of these details as are needed to convey a sense of his activity. The repetitions inevitable to letters are omitted. Omitted also, because of the rigid limitations of space, are references to various relatives and to many, many acquaintances. Those who are not mentioned will understand that this implies no lack of his regard.

At times only a sentence or two may be taken from a letter; but the reader is to realize that the complete original is imbued with the same heartiness of filial love as when a letter is printed in full, and this is as true of letters at the end of his life as when he first left home for college.

The letters were written with no thought of publication, all with a pen, in a characteristic swift, terse style, too fast for concern about paragraphing, the words cascading over one another, and many of them abbreviated. All numbers were written as numerals. While the effect of this style is preserved, some concessions (for the reader's convenience) have been made to the conventions of the printed page.

Though his name is already a legend of adventure, it would be a great mistake to think of Richard Halliburton merely as a man of action. His life, as these pages disclose, was singularly the embodiment of a philosophy and a purpose that took form early and steadily controlled and determined his remarkable industry.

His cultivation, refinement, fastidiousness and his interest in travel are easily accounted for in his heredity and boyhood environ-

ment. It may be that his fervent imagination, his wild desire for adventure, his thirst for the romantic and the remote, are a long throwback to Scottish ancestors. For him all experience was an arch wherethrough gleamed an untraveled world whose margin faded forever when he moved. Some Samarkand always lay over the horizon. He longed always to see, and to make others see, the far-flung marvels of nature and man's spectacular achievements.

He was born at the advent of the new century. His manhood spanned the brief interval between the two World Wars. He is a spokesman for the youth of a generation isolated by these wars. In his own story are preserved the beauty that inspired his appreciation, always superlative and always genuine; the illusions he proudly cherished; the history that to him was not dead past but filled with eternal heroes. The map over which he wove the web of his travels is rapidly changing. Armed forces may destroy much that he found so various, so beautiful, so new. But romance and rapture, the capacity for wonder and admiration will remain wherever there are young unregimented hearts. To such hearts and for them Richard Halliburton will continue to speak.



## CHAPTER I

### A BOY'S WORLD

TOWARD the close of the nineteenth century, a young man and a young woman were married at the Methodist Church in Brownsville, Tennessee, a quiet, pastoral community. Wesley Halliburton came from a Scotch ancestry who, down the line, had loved the soil and lived close to it. He had been graduated at Vanderbilt University as a civil engineer in 1891, but soon chafed under the confinement of office work with a bridge company in Pennsylvania, preferring the activities of an outdoor life. Nelle Nance traced her ancestry back to French Huguenots on her father's side, and to Scotch soldiers and adventurers on her mother's. She was a graduate of the Cincinnati College of Music and was engaged in teaching music.

In the first half of the first month of the new century—January ninth to be exact—a son was born to them, whom after much debate they named Richard.

When he was still a very little boy, they moved to Memphis, Tennessee, and they have lived there ever since. A friend of the family, Mary G. Hutchison, mistress of a day school, early developed an unusual interest in Richard. He had no living grandparents. She did not think that was quite fair and declared that she meant to play the role of grandmother to him. She is the "Ammudder" who appears throughout his letters.

Another son was born three years after Richard. Strong and active, Wesley, Jr., had every prospect in life that his elder brother enjoyed.

Richard was prepared to enter the Memphis University School for Boys. He made a good record in scholastic work but took little interest in sports. He preferred romping with his dog "Teddy" and riding his pony "Roxy" through all the suburbs of Memphis, to baseball or football or track. Wesley, Jr., on the other hand, carried his mitt buckled to his belt and was fond of outdoor games.

In the summer time, Richard would visit the Thomas twins, Woodleif and Atha, in Brownsville.

Brownsville, Tenn.—July 18, 1912

My darling Mudder:—

I guess you think me negligent for not writing sooner but I haven't written to anyone. My two weeks are almost gone and I feel as though I had just arrived, time has flown so. The Twins and I are working hard to get enough money for them to come to Memphis on. We now have \$10 but want \$14. We sell apples and iron and milk. We get up early every morning and gather apples and then sell them. The other day a hornet bit me, and I thought it was a snake. We sleep in a tent in the back yard. We have electric lights and dogs in the tent. We have gone to few parties and have had so much to do. Although it is severe work I am having a better and more enjoyable time than I have had privious summers, when we had nothing to do better than read. Before we boared each other when together for too long a time, but this summer we enjoy each other's company more and more as our work increases and my visit lengthens.

We went out to Aunt Minnie's yesterday to see Wesley and spent the day. This morning we got up early and cooked our breakfast out in the woods.

There are a lot more things I wanted to tell you which I have forgotten just now, one of the things I just remembered is that Sunday we went to a "Sanctified Niger Baptism." We nearly split our sides laughing. One woman went into histerics.

Sonny.

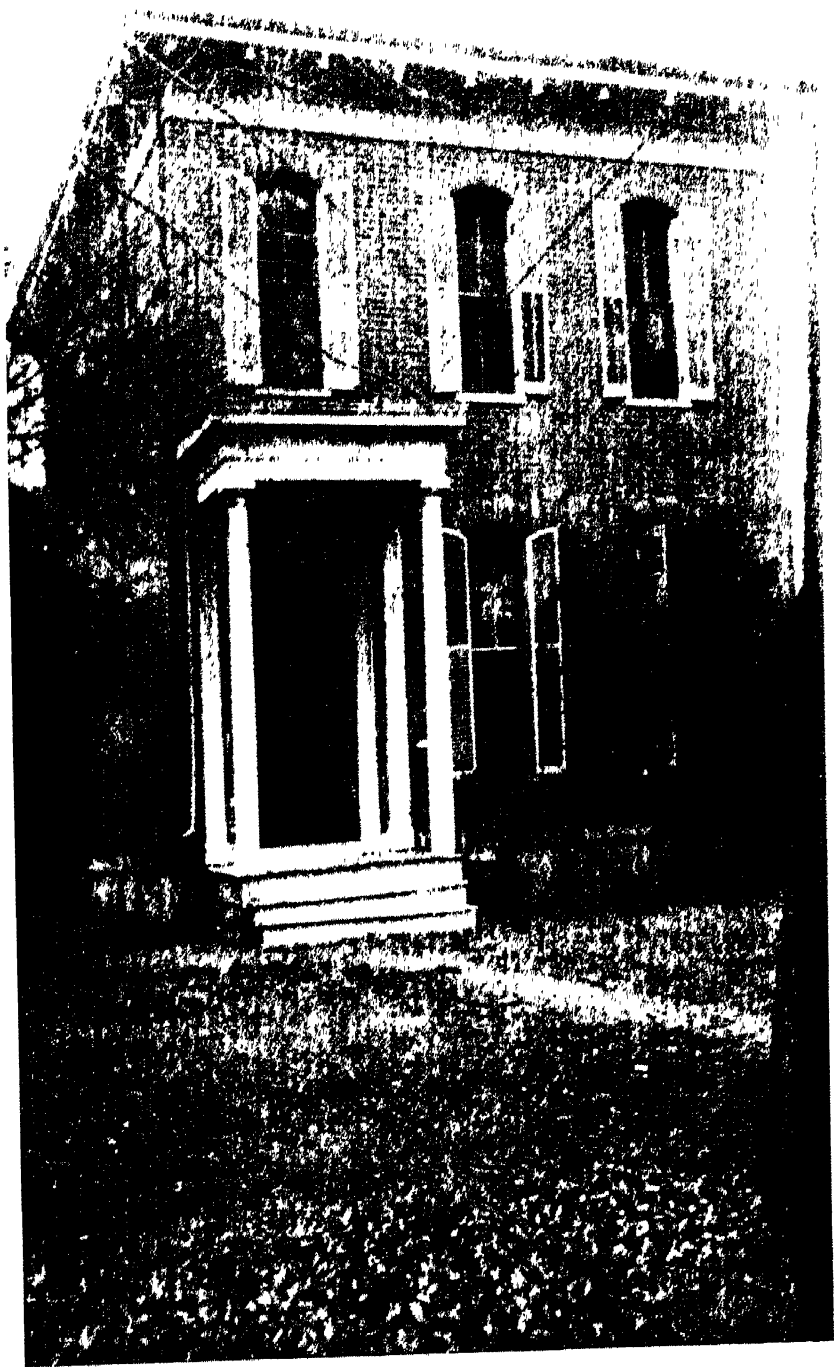
Later that summer, the family went to Tate Springs in East Tennessee for a vacation. From there he writes Miss Hutchison:

Aug. 13, 1912

Dear Ammudder:—

If you only knew how bad I want to see you! And just to think, I won't see you for another six weeks. I will write to you often and you, of course, will write to me and that will patch things up.

My sore throat is gone and I'm better than I've been since last year. I'm learning to play real golf. It's splendid all except the balls which are a great bother—because you loose them and spend three-fourths of your time hunting for them—I lost three this afternoon and they were each a 75c ball—only I bought the three for 25 cents. My first



Fifty miles north of Memphis is Brownsville, Tennessee, where, on January 9, 1900, Richard was born in an old red-brick house.



Richard was five years old and his younger brother Wesley two when this picture was taken with their mother.

experience at golf was simply hitting the ball and then looking for it. I play a great deal of tennis and enjoy that most of all. Two other boys and I took a six mile tramp through the mountains and got lost (that is why it was six miles). Immediately after we got back we played half a dozen games of box-ball. We then went around the golf course two times. I then ate my dinner and immediately after went around two more times (each round being a mile). We stopped to watch a fox chase and set out like little fools and tried to keep up with the hounds—after running a mile we come back home and played four sets of tennis until it got so dark we couldn't see the ball. We came in just in time to dress and get my supper, and now I will dance until 11 o'clock. Do you suppose that is enough exercise for one day? My program is on that order—and is what is making me feel so good.

Before we came here and were at "Sister's," Daddy and I had some very long walks and saw the whole country. We generally made an all day trip of it. One day we walked 25 miles, and got dinner at some mountaineer's house way up in the big mountains. It was fun.

We are all very comfortable. Mother and Wes are well and happy and I want you to be the same way.

Lovingly,

Sonny.

"Sister" in this letter was his Aunt Susie. Later he refers to her as "Auntie" and to her daughter Hafford (who married Dr. D. D. Stetson in New York) as "Haff."

The following year the family again went to Tate Springs for two weeks and then to Asheville for a month that offered unlimited adventures to the small boy.

Asheville, N. C.  
Battery Park Hotel  
Thursday, Aug. 21, 1913

Dear Ammudder:—

I am about to freeze to death—how are you in N. Y.? Asheville is as cold as ice.

We left Tate Sunday morning and oh I did hate to leave. Daddy



and I fought and scrapped against leaving but Mother would come up here. I was having a grand time and would have been satisfied to have stayed there the rest of the summer.

The trip from Morristown to Ashville is simply marvalous. The track runs along the French Broad river all the way and the scenery was the best I have seen yet. We also had ice-cream on the train.

This hotel is perfectly enormous but very old. The grounds are perfectly beautiful but the building is very ugly. It is situated up on a hill right in the middle of town. This hotel has about 750 guests and there is not a single boy my size. I suppose boys my age are a rarity. I think I will go to a museum. Tuesday we had a long drive out through "Biltmore," Vandibuilt's beautiful summer home. There are about 20 square miles of the most perfect and beautiful park I have ever seen.

Wednesday, Daddy and I joined the Ashville Country Club in order to play golf. Wed. evening we went to Grove Park Inn for dinner—the finest hotel resort in the world. It is simply wonderful. I can't describe it as I can't express it. It is simply a wonderful, beautiful building. Daddy and I play two rounds of golf every morning.

I found a little girl—Cornelia McMurry—over here who had danced with me at Tate and who had preceded us. She and I are the only ones in the hotel who know how to do the Hesatation Walse so we simply delight in showing off. My little pardner went home today so all I have to dance with is grown women. Wes and I are buisy so we are all having a good time. I want to go home for one day only—just to see Teddy.

Think about me because I think about you so, so much. I love you all the time and nothing, *nothing* shall ever stop it. Your own little boy

Sonny.

The active summer season waned and, with it, his spirits and his spelling.

Asheville, N. C.—Sept. 6, 1913

Dear Ammudder:—

I suppose you are at home now and I realy bet you were glad to

get there. Daddy left Thursday. We carried on like he was dying and not only leaving. I am awful lonely without him. Yesterday I simply had to do something so I got out and started walking all by myself. It was 6:30 P.M. I got started and went clear to the top of Sun-set mountain about four miles. I took my time so by the time I got to the top it was near 8:00 o'clock and all I could see of Asheville was the thousands of lights. It was a beautiful sight, if it had ended there, but to think that I had to climb down that mountain in the dark wasn't very appetizing. I came down the short way—by a steep mountain trail. I ran down all the way and my feet all doubled down in the toe of my shoes. So when I got back to the hotel, at 9:00 all the skin was off my toes and I couldn't dance—it nearly killed me.

I have been takeing calamel for two days and my stomach is all off. Please excuse the specymine of brillant spelling, but it is only an example of how I feel. Daddy stopped at Chattoggaanna—you know, the place where Lookout mountain is. I feel to bad to try right hard to spell it.

Now that the vacation is about over, I want to get back to school awful bad—MAYBE! I want to get back home, but I would as soon as go without two meals as to get back to geomatry and Cicero.

I can't get enthusaskestic over this letter so will not boar you any more. Heaps of love.

Sonny.

There is a gap in the letters till August, 1915. While Richard continued at school, he began taking violin lessons and enjoyed them greatly. In January, 1915, because he had developed a fast beating heart, he was removed from school and put to bed. In April his mother took him to Battle Creek, Michigan, to be under the care of the Sanitarium doctors. There he met a Mr. Johnson from St. Paul, who became so attached to the lad that he invited him to be his guest on a camp hunt in the "big woods" of Wisconsin.

Teal Lake Forest Home,  
Hayward, Wisconsin—Wednesday, Aug., 1915

Dear Dad:—

We are leaving today for home. The trip here has been somewhat of a disappointment to me. The country and woods are not attractive

as I expected and the mosquitoes spoil what ever one tries to do. However, I am very glad I had this chance of seeing this country. Day before yesterday we had a trip up the river, and after supper Mr. J. and I paddled down again in search of deer. We saw five in one place and he shot one but it escaped into the swamp. As we were 40 miles from a railroad it was quite wild so, inside of one mile on the river, we saw seven deer, six beaver, six or eight muskrats, an otter, one black bear, about twenty porcupines and a flock of wild ducks. Just off the bank we could hear the wild cats screaming and the wolves howling. As soon as I get back I shall write you a letter about school, etc., but haven't time now.

St. Paul—Saturday, Aug. 1915

Dear Dad:—

We came all the way home on Thursday. It was one of the most pleasant days I ever spent. The country after leaving the "pine forest" was farm land, growing the most wonderful crops I ever saw. The farmers were all haying and every field was busy with men and mowers. We averaged 24 miles per hour the whole trip. This doesn't sound so extraordinary, but to *average* that in a touring car is some going. Just to give our ride a final touch the moon came up and we rode 50 miles in the moonlight. I'm awful glad to get back—I had a good time up there, but ten times better time here. This lake is much more beautiful than anything we saw—I'm not so crazy about being slouchy. Still the fact that the place was so very wild made the experience worth while.

Mrs. Johnson is very lovely to me. She sings and plays and dances. They have everything to make life pleasant—the lake is the greatest factor. Mr. J. and I go bathing—notice I said *bathing* not *swimming*—twice a day, before breakfast and before supper. I take about a dozen strokes and get out. I realize how strenuous dancing can be. During the evening I never dance more than half the dances—always skipping one or two. I watch my heart—it accelerates but very little—some, of course. Does that sound as if I "disregarded my physical affliction and put pleasure first"? I can see a big change in my heart now and a year ago. It never says "Be careful I am pounding myself to pieces." It's because I don't give it a chance.

Now about school. I have not been idle over this subject at the

San. I have talked to boys from Culver and Lawrenceville. The L. boys love their school. I will be near New York surrounded by friends. I have my heart set on Princeton—50 L. boys go into Princeton every year. About Worcester or Phillips Academy I know very little—they are not Princeton prep schools. It's 3:00 A.M. so I better go to bed—good night—

R.

Lawrenceville won over Culver Military Academy and with it also, of course, Princeton. For the year 1916-1917 Richard was elected editor-in-chief of the *Lawrence* board, publishers of the school paper. During the year of his editorship the *Lawrence* grew to be recognized, not only by the school faculty, but even by the Board of Trustees, as a vital and useful factor in school life. In June, 1917, he was selected to write the words and music for the class Ode, sung on graduation day:

**Lawrenceville School Class Ode.**  
Class of 1917. Words and Music by Richard Halliburton.

The musical score is presented in four systems. The first system is a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time. The second system introduces the vocal melody. The third system features a repeat sign and a key signature change to one sharp (F#). The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The notation includes treble and bass staves with various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

“Great builder of God-fearing men,  
Great advocate of noble life,  
We leave thee now, true sons to be  
Throughout this time of strife;  
To fight the wrong, the right to free,  
Trust us till we come back to thee;  
Lawrenceville, Lawrenceville,  
Trust us till we come back to thee.

“Restraining gates are opened wide,  
Ten thousand paths lead from this door,  
God made us men to face the world,  
Whatever lies before.  
If fight we must beyond the sea, .  
Trust us till we come back to thee;  
America, America,  
Trust us till we come back to thee.”

It was at Lawrenceville that Richard met Irvine O. Hockaday (“Mike”), Edward L. Keyes, III (“Larry”), John Henry Leh (“Heinie”), James Penfield Seiberling (“Shorty”) and Channing Sweet (“Chan”), who are mentioned frequently in his letters.

As Richard passed on to Princeton, Wesley, Jr., followed him into Lawrenceville from the same Memphis University School for Boys. They were happy to be only six miles apart. That November Wesley developed heart trouble and he was brought back home, to live less than five weeks. Richard was back for the Christmas holidays and was at Wesley’s bedside when he died. The following letter was the first he wrote after he returned to Princeton. Later ones, until October, 1918, are missing.

Princeton—January 9, 1918

Dear Mother:—

I’ve thought of nothing else but my last week at home. I try to think of something else, but it’s no use. I’ve tried to read, but I forget to read. Esther [Thompson] seemed heartbroken when I told her

about Wes and we talked of little else, but seeing her helped a lot. She is so bright and cheerful, I could not stay sad long with her. She is without doubt the prettiest girl I ever saw.

I know just how lonesome and sad you are—I know it is much worse now than before I left. I never in my life hated absence from home as I do now. Someway the longer time elapses from New Year's dawn, the more terrible and unjust it seems. I know I did not comprehend that Wesley was *gone, actually*, but the more I think about it the more realistic it grows, and I, too, have that "sinking" feeling. But tomorrow, as you say, I can get to work and will have to think of other things, while you will have only reminders and recollections. We feel as if we could never smile again, but we must—we owe it to Wesley. He does not want us to seclude ourselves and exclude everything but him. I'm miles away in body but, like Wes, in spirit I, too, am with you in the sitting room, upstairs. I feel that what is left of our family is more of a unit than ever. Dad has suffered just as we have, and has felt that he must keep a strong hand to steer his boat in all this stormy time. I hope, if I ever have any children, I shall be as good a father as he is. I feel at times that I love nothing else but you and Dad, but there is, after all, a big place in my heart for Ammudder and Aunt Susie. They are not just friends, but something more that I cannot name. I suppose they have just a little of the same kind of motherly affection that you have and this makes them different.

During the summer, Princeton opened a training camp which Richard joined. By fall, the students had to decide which branch of Uncle Sam's fighting forces they would enter. Richard preferred the Navy, as it would take him places. But this made an unhappy situation for him.

[*Princeton—Saturday night, October 5, 1918.*] About last Tuesday, Colonel Pierson of the Army made the announcement that all the non-coms in the Army department would be sent to an O. T. C. the tenth of this month, and 30 new ones every succeeding month. If I had joined the Army instead of the Navy I would be packing up for a camp and have my leather putts all picked out. It was the last straw

when I heard that. All my friends are in the Army and they bombarded me with delightful stories of commissions.

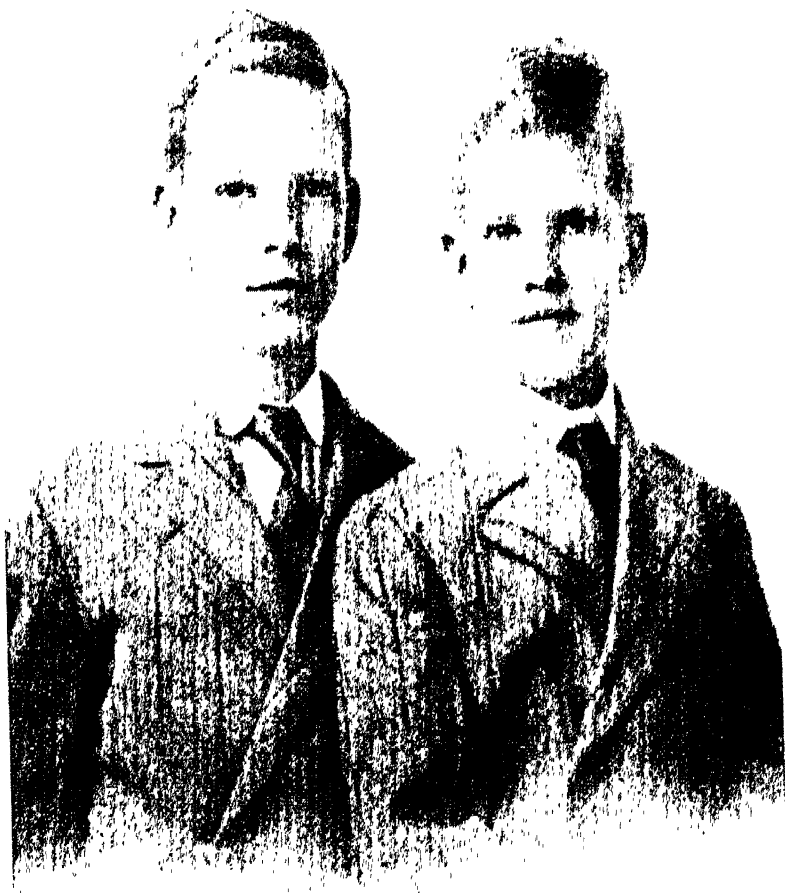
I didn't sleep a wink that night worrying over the situation. On top of that there was an announcement made by Professor Eisenhart that only those men twenty or above could take the naval courses—Ordnance and Gunnery, Navigation, Seamanship, etc.—which meant that I could not begin with the twenty-year-olds. I had to get around that—so I gave my age as twenty and am in all the classes I want. I have enough sense to know that it's mostly the practical training that is going to make me an officer, so I intend just about living in the observatory with the sextant and compass. I still have not been sworn in—which means no uniform. We are too inactive here, too much leisure time, not enough drill. I think I'll write the Admiral as much.

I am desperately lonesome with my pals gone—one can make new friends, but not new pals. I've been a "mess hound" for four days. What a vile job. In other words, I am a waiter in the commons, and it's perfect bedlam. My old black sweater is caked with butter and fish and soup and molasses. Each "hound" has to wait on ten people and unless one crashes through and gets his table set up before the hungry sailors get in, there's Hell to pay. So it's a fight to get in ahead and I'm pretty good at that. Carrying the dishes and food on to the table makes one hungry in spite of seeing the dago cooks flop slices of meat from the stoves into the dishes with their hands. I'll have to get used to all this, of course.

I have permission to be free in the morning. I guess we'll go to church. Some way when one is feeling unhappy, music and singing have a good influence. I hope to be able to see Mrs. Robinson\* in the afternoon. She is so wonderfully sweet—never too broken-hearted to mend your own breaks, and never too sad to listen and sympathize and cheer the sadness of others. The older I get the more sadness there seems to be in the world. Maybe it's just because my emotions have become unusually sensitive in the last year or two. There seems to be something in turmoil inside me all the time. I intend to keep myself in control until the war is over and my education, and *then* I'm going to *bust loose* and let my restless, discontented spirit run its

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\* Mrs. Robinson was the wife of Professor Robinson of Lawrenceville, the master of the house where Richard lived during his first year at that school.



The strong family resemblance between Richard and Wesley is evident in this portrait. They were respectively eleven and eight at the time.





When Wesley was twelve he posed for this picture which was proudly sent to his brother Richard, then away at school in Lawrenceville.

course. The idea of leading a monotonous confined respectable life is horrible to me. Someday the fires inside are going to break out and I'll push my working table out the window and just be a wild man. I've got in the habit of running instead of walking. Something keeps saying *faster, faster—move!* It isn't nerves. I sleep like a log. I feel wonderful all the time. I try so hard to concentrate when I work—and all I get for my trouble

Unfortunately the remainder of this letter is lost. And the beginning of the next is mislaid. Or what follows may be a continuation next day, with a missing page or two:

It looks, Dad, as if you are going to have your "college man" after all. Wall Street is betting the war will be over in four months. The paper this morning says Germany and Austria both are asking for an Armistice. I'm not in the Navy yet, and I'm tired of waiting to be sworn in—maybe tomorrow! I will be an apprentice seaman and draw \$32 a month—*when* I draw it. I'm not incurring any bills to be paid with my salary. In spite of all my gloom last night we are told here that if we pass the exams we will be sent (as *planned*) to an O. T. C.—four more months and I'll have what I want. Gosh, then 'spose the war ends. I don't want to be tied up.

No, Dad, I'm not such a gloom as I pretend to be. I could be more cheerful, I guess. I'll try.

Must stop and drop down to L'ville. I'm off mess duty after tonight. On account of the "flu" I'm walking today to keep off the cars.

[*Princeton—Sunday, November 10, 1918.*] We left in an auto for Atlantic City Thursday morning at seven and made the 110 miles in three and a half hours. It was quite cold, but we were buried under sweaters and rather enjoyed its being cold. We went straight out on one of the long piers and worked with sextants for two hours. It was *very* satisfactory as we had a chance to put into practice the pages of theory we had been studying. It was a clear, bright day and we could easily find the horizon.

About three we were freed—got a room at a hotel and made for

the Boardwalk. It was the best day in the world to be there, as peace was reported in the paper and everybody simply went wild—over *us*. Someway a sailor seems to get more attention than a soldier. Anyway, we were bombarded with hurrahs and questions and acclamations of every sort. Everybody shouted “you did it” until we began to believe we had, really. We were showered with smokes and candy; were not allowed to pay for anything. As we went in to supper at the hotel, everybody rose and cheered and one table sent ours a big bouquet, and another a flag.

My friend Bill Brooks was with me. We strolled along the Boardwalk listening to all the dance music and hilarity going on in the restaurants. We decided to take advantage of our popularity and stop the first two girls we saw. We had not gone far when we spied two and asked them if they would mind walking with two lonesome sailors. They were very nice looking, and rather startled, but we didn’t budge an inch. Later they told us that, but for the uniform and the day, they would have been insulted. We walked a while longer, then went for a ride in rolling chairs to one of the liveliest restaurants. It surely was a wild place. The denial of the peace report had not reached them yet, and everybody was celebrating. Uniform or no uniform, everybody was drinking and dancing. We ordered ginger ale and sandwiches, and had a very good time on that. Both the girls could dance very well. We stayed and danced till one, took them home (by foot) and went back to our room.

We had to be back at the pier at 9:30 next morning. We worked all morning—taking the very important noon observation, which gives the longitude. I missed my location by one mile which is quite good. We found our car at 2:30 and started for home, stopping in Trenton for supper. From there we dropped by Helen’s [Pendergast]. We got home about 8:00. It was surely a glorious ride, no dust, good roads, bracing, keen air that makes you feel energetic and enthusiastic. I tried to make up some of my missed work but I was far too sleepy.

[*Later—Monday night.*] Peace is declared *again*. The report came about eight o’clock this morning. I am very happy way down deep—and the first thing I thought was, “Oh, how I want to be home!” We had a celebration this afternoon. I wrote the Admiral a

personal letter this noon. I knew we were to have the Parade—which I thought would be entirely unsatisfying to the emotion caused by the good news. I thought we should have some sort of divine service to end the celebration, and a prayer of thanksgiving and acknowledgment seemed to me much more appropriate than a wild dance along the street, and the singing of "America" in the chapel more significant than wild shouts of passing merriment. I took the letter to the Admiral personally—and whether or not I was the cause, anyway the entire personnel of all the units in Princeton, 3000 men, were drawn up on the parade grounds before a minister who read from the Bible, and a priest who prayed. We had a long parade down Nassau Street afterward.

I shall let circumstances decide whether I stick to it till I am commissioned, or whether I shall try to get back to civilian life. The church bells and whistles have played all day. Some chimes in a church not far off are butchering the "Marseillais" on too few bells. It's going to be hard sledding to go on studying war when you see and hear nothing but peace.

When I was at L'ville last Saturday I looked in Wes's room again—first time since almost a year ago. It hurt almost as much as it did the last time. Thanksgiving will have little meaning to us hereafter. It is the anniversary of his first week of illness.

It's tantalizing to hear you speak about the duck shooting, Dad. Now and then I see isolated pairs of ducks headed for the coast. I guess the ducks rather enjoy the war, as the sportsmen have other things to shoot at.

What a memorable day this is—peace and relief from almost unbearable worries and horror! We are safe. It has not struck us—thank God.

After the Armistice excitement, inactivity almost to stagnation followed. Princeton played football in New York on the twenty-sixth and this gave the boys a fine opportunity to put training camps in the background and have a bit of fun. About a thousand went. On Tuesday the twenty-ninth Richard writes that he and three other boys planned a party in New York and had a glorious vacation for two days. "It's nice to be able to wash your face and be in evening

dress again." To make up for the neglect of scholastic work he says, "From now on till end of term I'm going to institute a reign of terror with my books and get well on top so as to be prepared for anything." Helen has another "steady" in one "Chas." Richard writes: "Helen will be my guest at the prom—Score 1 for me! Helen and I are invited to a friend's home in Philadelphia Sunday—Score 2 for me! Chas. forgot Helen's birthday; I didn't. I gave her a twenty-five-cent fern. Score 3 for me! However, I think Chas. and Helen are already engaged—which doesn't bother me!" The letter closes with "The unit is all agog with wild rumors. Today we hear it's to be disbanded tomorrow. The sooner we are sworn out, the better. Everyone has lost interest in war preparation, and the determination and enthusiasm have given place to discontent and indifference—I guess I'm not different from others."

Letters from November 29, 1918, to March 10, 1919, are missing. During this period the *Daily Princetonian* board held a contest for one new member. There were eight candidates. Quantity, quality and fitness of the news furnished were to determine the choice. Richard threw himself into the competition and won.

[*Princeton—Monday night, March 10, 1919.*] Just by force of contrast it seems to me as if I've been working terribly hard since the *Prince* contest, but don't seem to have accomplished much. I began last Monday on my English essay. Believing in originality at the sacrifice of almost all else, I couldn't get interested in the stupid subjects offered, so I tried to do something I was sure nobody else had ever tried—a burlesque on *Antony and Cleopatra* written in iambic pentameter, the same meter as Shakespeare. It's in play form—four acts. I think it's rather funny in spots—gosh, I worked hard enough on it, especially the poetry part, getting the lines to run smooth. I hope the Prof. will accept it, as Mr. Harper did my "Delirium Tremens" one.

Tomorrow I have to start on a 4000-word History essay. I've become very interested in the character of Napoleon III and the history of France in his reign. In fact, I've been devouring books about him. Someone has said—and well said—that a man's education is in proportion to his knowledge of Paris, and France, and French. The

more I learn, in any direction, the stronger I am convinced that it is true.

The prom comes Friday. I asked Esther. Helen is coming up with my rival Charley.

The club elections come soon. For some reason I've taken the responsibility of my crowd onto my shoulders. I'm going to get us into the best club on Prospect Street or bust. I'm just bursting with schemes—and I'm sorry because I worry over it. Sometimes, I ardently wish I were one of the phlegmatic kind of students that stick to their books regularly and don't strain over anything and are too insensitive to worry over lack of position or influence. Often they leave college with a better mental capacity to handle life and business. But I would soon grow so dissatisfied living that way I'd be miserable. I go dashing around expending all my energy on things that count for nothing after I leave Princeton. What good is it going to do me if I do make the club I'm after and have to lose interest in my books and too much sleep? Is the *Prince* board with its grinding demands worth while? It's a question. Do you think, Dad, your Founder's medal is worth your bad stomach?

Day before yesterday my History Prof. asked me to stay after class. Being on the *Prince*, I was criticising the lax way in which work was extracted from the students. I suggested a daily test in his own class. Next day he *did* give a quiz. I had not reached the topic asked about in my lesson and had to hand in a blank paper except for "I can't be expected to preach and practice both."

Yesterday afternoon I could not stand my room any longer with the sun so bright outside—jumped on my bicycle and went to Lawrenceville, had supper with Mr. Henry\* and came back about nine o'clock. It was a clear, cool night—bright moon and stars. How I enjoyed the trip back! I'm going to repeat it—often. Shorty borrows my bike and furnishes the tires. He gets them free from Good-year. He recently won the basketball managership. Russell is working hard for the same job for swimming, and Mike for track, and Heinie for the crew. Our crowd is all *doing* something. Larry is doing all the athletics for the bunch, Shorty the acting and debating, and I the writing—and we will all get *somewhere someday*.

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\* A teacher at Lawrenceville.

[*Princeton—Wednesday, April 16, 1919.*] Oh, but there's lots I have to tell you. First—about Cap and Gown. There were two cliques—sixteen of us and five of the other crowd—and some members of the two on unfriendly terms. The club wanted some of both cliques, but we wanted all or none and stuck together. It came to taking the sixteen of us or the five of them; C. and G. took the sixteen and with the objecting minority out of the way, we signed up next day. We had our banquet last night and I was never so happy. Princeton life is really opening up. The clubs cement the friendships one has made during his first two years, and coming not until a fellow is almost a Junior, the influence cannot harm.

Soon I start in on the *Prince* and "make up" twice a week till commencement. It's hard work, but great training. My report was not so good as might have been—all of which considering the *Prince* contest was fair enough.

Dad, I guess I'll have to admit I do feel my book work is somewhat of a "grind" to me. I never have loved to study but was too wise not to. If I let myself do what my emotions and instincts let me do, I wouldn't crack a book—except to read. I'd sit up all night reading history and English. I'd sleep all morning and walk or golf or tennis all afternoon—take my meals when I was hungry and above all *forget* my ambitions and duties. But instead of that I make my better sense prevail and do things with some system.

I realize the danger of being too esthetic, Dad, and I'll steer clear of too much of it. I would be very happy if I could get to the heart of the esthetic things I like without missing any of the really practical ways and means of living.

I've had the best of everything. Let's hope I have profited by it. I think if I work this summer I would prefer the paper; it will do me more good than anything else. Really what would appeal to me most of all would be to don a red flannel shirt and chop logs.

[*Princeton—May 8, 1919.*] The man who wrote *How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day* never came to Princeton in the spring. He would have found it couldn't be done. I could use 48 hours a day and have something still left undone—writing home "frinstance." In one of your late letters, Dad, you said while at Vanderbilt on the

spring days you wanted to lie down under the trees and do nothing but breathe. That's hard for me to understand, for spring has the opposite effect on me. Every afternoon for two weeks now, I've gone to the gym about 4:30, put on my track clothes and jog-trotted for an hour or so along the lake or canal. The glorious, sunny air makes one want to dance along. I never enjoyed anything more—sometimes alone—sometimes not.

The *Prince* is a real pleasure—whereas I dreaded it before I took hold. I'm through by one o'clock—two nights the week. Things hum in the office. It's the only activity in college that has a business-like air about it. I've begun to think "Editor-in-Chief" of course, but I'm quite sure I don't want it. I know too much about it. The three men that run the paper are so many slaves. I'd rather be editor of one of the less important magazines.

We are up to our necks in Ethics, and I find I'm a perfect example of an Epicurean—or rather would like to be. Don't decide whether that is well or not until you really understand what an Epicurean is. He's not the contented pig, as I always thought.

[*Tuesday, May 13, 1919.*] I s'pose you're wondering where your child is wandering tonight. First of all he is obeying your orders about running—mostly because he's so busy he has not had time. However, I assure you both I've quite forgotten I have a heart (I can hear you saying, "I should say so—he writes us once a month"). I am as healthy as a bunch of Johnson grass in a cotton field, and no doubt cause as much trouble to my cultivators.

Oh, before I forget it—I was elected to the Editorial Board of the *Princeton Pictorial Magazine* (called *Pic* for short)—am sending two copies. I'm not terribly puffed up over the honor, but it helps to fill up the "what I've done" space under my picture in the yearbook and gives me another bangle to put on my watch chain. I don't see what's to keep me from becoming editor—I'm in the right club 'n everything. I've had a week's rest from the *Prince* and took advantage of it to get busy on an English essay. That always takes me a week as I strain a point to make them good. This one's a story—three stories in a row—the main one about a man condemned to death for a crime—murder—on circumstantial evidence. The real murderer goes to



confess to save the innocent man, but is run down by the condemned man's wife in her automobile, just as he is entering the City Hall to see the judge. The wrong man gets electrocuted—too bad, but it makes a story.

Mother, I broke my promise about New York. I went up Saturday to see the Princeton Triangle show give its New York performance at the Waldorf. Russell—or rather the Hopkinsons in general—gave a bang-up party. We had a wonderful dinner party—twenty at the table. We were all carted down in their half a dozen automobiles and had the best and biggest box in the auditorium. The show was wonderful—knowing all the cast always adds—Shorty was the best in it. The dancing after lasted till two. We all had the time of our lives.

I've got to typewrite 2000 words or so before I get to bed and it's eleven o'clock now.

## CHAPTER II

### A RUNAWAY TO EUROPE

IT BECOMES evident that a new Patrick Henry, different in some notable respects from the prototype, had arisen. Impatience at restraint had been smouldering within Richard until it was "liberty or death" for him. Doubtless his understanding parents would have saved him much mental unhappiness had he unburdened himself and pleaded for his "liberty"—but liberty he must have, and he proceeded in a calculating and determined way to achieve it.

[*New Orleans—Monday, July 18, 1919.*] Don't be alarmed at anything. Everything is as it should be. I'm very happy and very well and really *am* in New Orleans or rather was when this was written. You see, I didn't go to Brownsville at all, but took the 12:05 to New Orleans Thursday night. I'd been planning to go all summer, so it was no sudden move on my part. I'm going to Europe, leaving Tuesday night.

It's hard for me to realize how surprised you are, for it's such a long-planned and anticipated trip for me that it all seems matter-of-fact. I don't know when I'll be back and I'm not going to say. It may be the last of September and it may be January first. I know I was cruel to slip off as I did, but I knew too well that if I mentioned my plan and you did not agree you would argue me out of it. I would have continued to lead my restless, useless, unhappy existence the rest of the summer. If you remember, I wrote you in November how restless I was. I've never mentioned it since, for I don't understand it and can't explain what I don't understand. All I know is I'm infinitely happy at the prospect of my trip. This unrestrained feeling is what I crave. I'm going where I have an inspiration to go and when I get ready. The \$15 Dad gave me I spent on my ticket and Pullman. I drew \$65 out of the bank—which over-draws my account \$15. I'll leave here with \$45—and get \$80 a month or \$54 for the three weeks of the trip. That will land me in Europe with \$95 or so.

I'm not acting under any sudden, silly impulse—nor am I running away from anything except my old self. It is not because I am unhappy and dissatisfied with you. Surely a boy never had a more comfortable and ideal home life than I have. It's not that. You would not be alarmed if I had gone west, to Montana or Canada, and were away from you for three months or so. This is not different, except that my plan is far more interesting, engrossing and *active*—active, that's the word. Please forgive me for slipping off; I considered everything and decided this was the best way. Don't come here to tell me good-by. I may have gone. It would weaken my resolution. It would make it hard for all of us. You would want to see my quarters and learn my duties. They may be unpleasant, and that would make you all the more uneasy. They may be very pleasant. I will not know until tonight.

Since I had to be in New Orleans these days, I decided I might as well see the place and begin my adventure *here*. I have "done" it—every nook and corner. With my guidebook and map I've explored here and there and have enjoyed it immensely. Saturday I walked out to Lake Pontchartrain and had a glorious swim. Last night I went to the end of St. Charles Street and back. I've hung around the French market and Jackson Square, spent a morning in the Cabildo and was well paid for my trouble. I think N. O. is the most attractive city I ever saw. I like the homes set high up off the ground—with broad steps—the one-story pillars and the gables—all brick covered with glistening white stucco—the pillars of iron, painted white. Everything is dazzling white and with the green palms and shrubs close about the house—well, I think they are the most striking and aristocratic-looking homes I ever saw.

His letter promptly produced this telegram:

7/19/19.

RICHARD HALLIBURTON

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.

GO TO IT AND MAY YOU HAVE A BULLY TIME. A LITTLE SURPRISED YES. DON'T FAIL TO WRITE US. FOR GODS SAKE TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, BUT GET THIS TRIP OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM. WISHING YOU BON VOYAGE. DAD.

New Orleans—Wednesday, July 19, 1919

My own dear Mother:—

Well, I'm still in this hemisphere, and will be when you get this letter. Dad's wire was a big relief for I knew then that you know what I was up to and where I am. I've had nothing but obstacles and hard luck to overcome since I arrived here, but I'm not the least discouraged nor the least regretful that I undertook this thing. Also I joined the union and became a violent (?) I. W. W., paid down my \$5 and the magic charm has worked. My card is No. 582. I could have gone on 50 boats to 50 different places—to Porto Rico, Mexico, etc., etc., but that's not my plan. I'm going to Europe.

Just for fun, I attended a meeting of the union here late this afternoon to decide what to do with several union men who had committed the unpardonable sin of working during the strike. We decided to fine them \$10 and bounce them from our benevolent midst if they refused to pay. I hang around with my golf pants on and shirt collar turned in, sleeves rolled up and my straw hat hung on the back of my head. I look tough enough—trouble is I *do* speak English which is a serious disadvantage.

Last night I put on my walking shoes and had a ten-mile hike out Canal Street and back—just to be in trim for the other side.

New Orleans—July 19, 1919

Dear Mudder:—

Dad's letter just received breaks my heart. All the time I thought you were down in Montgomery enjoying a pleasant visit, you were at home worrying yourself to death about me. If only Atha had not come to Memphis till later. It makes me shudder to think about the days and nights of anxiety you went through on account of my—well, it wasn't thoughtlessness, because I figured that my letter would meet you when you got back.

When you think, Mother dear, that I *had* to go—that I owed it to myself to follow this overpowering obsession, and *then* consider how I went, you should be reconciled just a little. I would have gone last summer but for the war. My freshman year I was so restless, I had to fight myself to keep up an outward appearance of contentment. I said that I had to hold on till summer, then I could go. The

summer army camp blocked all plans as did my navy enlistment. I came very near going in January but the fact that Europe was so inhospitable at the time, and that it was my last chance at the *Prince*, and that it was a wonderful chance to get through all my required courses at Princeton, and get founded in general, all this made me grit my teeth. And I was not sorry I had stayed—until May, when all that I had stayed for had been accomplished.

I got so mentally depressed and restless and then morbid that I'd find myself in tears—I don't know now exactly what over. I had home and parents who loved me and whom I loved devotedly. My marks were good, I felt physically all right, and so I thought of nothing but summer, summer when there would be no war and I could go at last. I was never sad in the thought of going. But it did hurt deep when I thought of our separation, and after you left me at the station Thursday night, I watched you from the steps till you were out of sight—and I've never had so heavy a heart since the day Wesley died. I did not even shake Dad's hand to say good-by—there were tears in my eyes when I left the house. There were tears, too, when I kissed you good-by, Mother, but I held them back till you had rolled away.

I have not really run off—I've simply gone on a trip where I have to work my way, and it's going to be the most glorious trip anybody ever had.

Now, Mother, please try to realize that I've only done the right thing in the wrong way. Try to forget those four anxious days—to forgive me for being responsible.

[*New Orleans—Thursday, July 20, 1919.*] This has been the most unusual day I ever spent. My chance came with the *Octorara*, 3000 tons, licensed May, 1919, wooden, American, route to Hull, England, and back to New Orleans via New York. The paint is hardly dry on it, it's so new. But it's small—about 300 feet long and purely a freighter. The entire crew is but twenty men. I've signed up as an Ordinary Seaman and I'm satisfied and glad I have. I've gone on duty. She is being loaded with lumber. I've got a bottle of oil and three bars of soap and a bottle of iodine. I'll write every day till we sail and tell you all I do. Dad, *of course* I'm going to finish my two

years at Princeton. Ten to one I will finish right with my class. I work eight hours and no more—didn't dare overwork for fear of being damned by my union. I left the hotel at six this morning and carted my bag out to the ship, reported to the mate and was put to work at once.

I was told to get the paint brushes ready. I found exactly thirty-eight hard as nails with caked paint, but a big bucket of coal oil and a bucket of hot water and Gold Dust and scrubbing brush and five hours' work and all the brushes looked like new. There are six sailors—four A. B.'s and two Ordinary. The other Ord. beside myself is a young fellow from Houston, Texas, Allen Longbridge, in his Sophomore year at Rice Institute. He's twenty and has never been to sea before. He's quite cultivated and will make a very pleasant companion, especially as the other four seamen are the proverbial sea-going type—hard as nails but as good as gold. They are all in their twenties and a jolly bunch. All six of us have the same room—three double-tiered bunks. We are right "aft"—and get full benefit of a heavy sea. I thought it was a little boat but when you look into its great empty bowels where the freight is packed, it seems monstrous. They've been packing in lumber for three days and haven't more than covered the floor of the hull.

For breakfast we had oranges, oatmeal, boiled potatoes, bacon, fried eggs, coffee and ice water, but also condensed milk and a number of flies. The flies will leave as soon as we get to sea. We had a huge menu for dinner—three times too much. The overpowering amount of food takes my appetite. The four A. B.'s clean every dish, though, and never get enough. The sun is blazing on the river and this morning I mixed paint, and moved the row boat by ropes as needed, this afternoon. We quit at five. Allen and I came in town after supper, went to the movies and are spending the night at a Catholic Service Club. We get a clean bed and shower for twenty-five cents. We are going to sleep here until we sail as the ship is very hot and unscreened to the mosquitoes.

[*New Orleans—Friday, July 21, 1919.*] I've been busy as a bee today—washed and scraped the unsatisfactory paint off the Captain's floor this morning and helped load stores this afternoon until eight.

The latter was lots of fun. We put a boxcar load of food on our ship—four weeks' supply for 25 or 30 men. It put me to thinking what the Army Supply to France must have meant where there were 2,000,000 to feed—that would make 80,000 carloads of food required for three weeks' supply, and over a million men were in France a year. I can't comprehend the amounts. We have a great variety of food all stored snugly away—hams and jellies and jams and pickles and delicacies as well as canned spinach and canned everything else, including roast beef. The Captain said we must prepare to sail Tuesday. He's an old seadog but a gentleman and we are going to get along in great shape.

[*Monday night, August 5, 1919.*] It's been steady work for eight hours a day, but I enjoyed it immensely and never felt better. I make the best longshoreman you ever saw, and can handle a two-wheel truck like a nigger. I got paid again today—\$10 for four days' work, one of which was Sunday when I didn't go near the boat. Allen and I are buying a kodak, so I can bring back pictures of my trip and show you your son as he emerges from packing flour sacks in a bath of perspiration with nothing on but a pair of pants. I clean up every evening in a self-washed white shirt, and shave, and I assure you no one ever suspects I'm a seaman.

[*New Orleans—Wednesday, August 7, 1919.*] Our steam is up—our boat is loaded until it's almost sunk out of sight. The decks are piled six feet in lumber. I feel just about as excited as if I were going for a ride on a freight train. I'm perfectly equipped for my, as Dad says, "personally conducted tour."

It would seem that the delays and false starts of the *Octorara* would dissipate anyone's enthusiasm. Richard arrived in New Orleans July fourteenth. His boat did not sail till August eighth, and then anchored almost in sight of New Orleans for three days on account of imperfect machinery. Headed for the Bahamas, the *Octorara* developed new engine troubles which made it necessary to turn up the coast to Norfolk for repairs. At last they were off on August twenty-seventh, when they should have been in Hull.

This he wrote to his Princeton roommate, John Henry Leh:

Norfolk—Wednesday, August, 1919

Heinie old man:—

Don't blame this paper on me. [It was a delicate pink.] I borrowed it from the Captain—it belongs to his wife. I'm writing you first tonight because you scoffed the most at my proposed trip to Europe, you old devil. Well, I can say pipe down now, for I'm well on the way—1800 miles on the way in fact. I'm writing from Norfolk, Va., where my ship has stopped for repairs and coal. From here we go to the Azores Islands and then to Hull, England. I won't reach Hull much before September tenth and I guess I won't be coming home till the start of the second term at Princeton. I'll use my Summer Camp credits for the first term. I meant to write you long ago, Dutchman, but thought I'd wait till there was something to write about.

After I left Princeton, I went straight home and loafed and played golf and snaked until July fifteenth, when I had my plans made to go to New Orleans for a ship. The darned shipping strike came then, and I waited till the 23rd. My parents would have disapproved of the action I was taking, so I left one night "for a visit up state" and landed in New Orleans. The fellow I said I was going to visit appeared in Memphis the next day and said he hadn't seen me. My family went wild—write-up and picture in the paper—"foul play feared," etc. I got a job as soon as the strike was over, joined the seamen's union and cry "down with the damned capitalists, down with everything." I picked out the ship because it was sailing soonest and was new. It's a very small tub—250 feet long—loaded with lumber. I worked two weeks lifting sugar barrels and sacks of bacon, etc., nearly died the first few days, but caught on after a while and can swing as wicked a steel truck as any nigger stevedore on the wharf. The trip through the Gulf of Mexico and around Florida was great. Our chief amusement was feeding the sharks. They would come from out of sight and snatch food off the water in a twinkle. As a seaman my duties were mostly painting, polishing, etc. I get \$80 a month clear and no chance much to spend it. Here in port I'm night watchman every other night and all day off—horribly hard work.

I am keen to learn how the rest of the bunch fared this summer



and if their plans worked as well as mine. I'll miss you fellows next fall, but once I'm across I'm going to make it worth while. I plan to work south from Hull to London and then to Belgium and see all the war remains I can. I hope to reach Paris early in October. I may attend the Sorbonne University there three months or may go on south into Italy and Austria and Greece. I want to walk most of the way. I wish I had you along for company; still I guess you would balk at any distance greater than Princeton to Lawrenceville. This ship has a good bunch of seamen on board—two other Americans and four Norwegians who are always saying they "were yust out of Yale" meaning just out of jail—which I'm sure Roy Holden would appreciate.

This is one of the biggest ports of call in the world—Hampton Roads. From the crow's-nest I can count 187 ships anchored around us, and we are in a stone's throw of the Atlantic Battle Fleet. Our ship is so small the slightest bit of rough weather makes her stand on her head, but I've managed to keep my lunch when the old salts were losing theirs. Are you still working at the store and are you still single? Next time you osculate with Dot, say, "That's for Dick." I haven't spoken to a girl since I left Memphis except two I picked up to dance with in N. O.

I'm practicing daily saying, "Bon jour, Mademoiselle, voulez-vous promener avec moi?"—which means, of course, in English, "Lady, do you take in washing?" However, as I got rosin in my hair and had it all clipped off to get rid of the stuff, they'll give me one look and say, "No, I ain't washin' no more." I wonder if Mike and Chan got their trip, and Larry and Russ. How many times have you written my darling Mary? I'll have to watch you. I wonder if Helen's "gotten" married in my absence. Please apologize to Dot about the dance I cut with her. I wouldn't have done it for anything on purpose. Recite this poem to her for me. It ought to help me out with her.

Heinie's girl wears silks and satins.

My girl wears calico.

Heinie's girl is tall and slender.

My girl is fat and low.



The responsibilities of an editor-in-chief weigh heavily on Richard at Lawrenceville.



Four of the five inseparables—Mike, Shorty, Dick and Larry—at the end of their first year in Princeton, the summer of 1918.



Heinie Leh, the fifth, separated from the four inseparables, and his wife Dot.

Heinie's girl is fast and wicked.

My girl is peeure and good.

Would I change for Heinie's girl?

You know damn well I would.

I'll write some of the other fellows now. I may see you, Heinie, in October—and I may never see you again.

[*Norfolk—August 27, 1919.*] I have to write fast for the pilot boat may be along any minute and collect the last mail before we sail. Steam is up at last. All my dissatisfaction and restlessness have gone with the approach of sailing. I surely picked the wrong boat, for I could have crossed just as quickly with Columbus on his *Santa Maria*. It will be two full months from the time I boarded this ship to the time I get to Hull. I counted on two weeks.

[*At Sea—Saturday, September 6, 1919.*] This has been the most glorious day I ever spent—our approach to the Azores. All the happiness of our twelve days at sea, all my impressions and sensations, have been dwarfed by the wonder of the things I've seen today. This noon the mate beckoned us to look ahead. Allen and I saw a queer gray cloud resting on the horizon. I said, "I believe that's a mountain." About four o'clock the mountain was distinct, rising miles into the clouds. As the sun sank and the rays struck the side of the slope, Allen and I would cry like two kids, "Look, a house!" or a church or a lighthouse. We got closer and closer—oh, what a *glorious* sight—the mountain crowned with clouds, dotted with innumerable white specks, the surf roaring on the huge cliffs, as big as Gibraltar's, and sheer rock-sides topped with trees, a white sail here and there, and the air of untamed wildness and grandeur in everything. We were feasting so on this view no one noticed the towering pinnacle beyond, another island rising even higher.

We rounded a promontory and all at once the most beautiful sight on earth, I'm sure, stood before us. It was the harbor of Horta. Myriads of lights, fireflies they seemed, flying about the big clusters of glistening white buildings, piled in terraces on top of one another, any way, every way right up the mountain side. Above, the most star-

filled sky I ever saw; and the moon flicked the waves before us and made the bay and beach sparkle and glisten. I can hardly wait to see it in the morning.

When I got my fill of the harbor I came down to write you so that I may have a letter ready to mail when I go ashore tomorrow. I feel that my sea trip is near the end—we've "crossed." We've had always a strong, steady wind that caused great swells, but they were slow and regular and the heavy rolling at night made the ship a cradle that rocked us to sleep. Every night after supper Allen and I came out on deck and plopped down on a great coil of rope to watch the sun and sea go down. We discussed, or rather argued—we argue everything—literature and philosophy and geography and the stage—Allen is about as well informed as I. About eight we got our buckets of water, washed ourselves, and then our clothes, crawled in bed to read a chapter or two in a book, and then to sleep until seventhirty next morning. We have plowed along at a snail's pace with disabled engines at six knots an hour all the way. Tomorrow I'm going to drink fresh milk ashore till I can't waddle and bring my suitcase back full of fresh fruit which I crave more than anything. Even so, I'm safe and well as a young ox.

While Richard had traveled about his homeland, from New York to California, this was his first experience with the ocean and ships and foreign shores, and he greeted it with boundless enthusiasm. Many of the following letters were endlessly long, for he takes on the attitude of being the discoverer of the things he sees and wants to report everything about these unknown lands.

[*Hull—Te Deum Laudamus—Monday, September 22, 1919.*] I saw the mail come aboard tonight, and my hands trembled with excitement and suspense as I grabbed for my share of it—two letters from Mother and two from Dad, one from Ammudder and one from Heinie Leh. If I had not become so hard-boiled on this boat, I'm sure I would have wept hard and long after I'd finished reading them. I can't explain the feeling I had tonight—so homesick I want to throw up everything and come back to you at once—yet, at the same time, inspired even more to go on and finish what I've started.

I wrote you from Horta harbor, the picture of which I'll never forget. The day of departure we were constantly in sight of some one of those rugged islands with the roaring breakers at their feet, and tree-covered giant rocks behind. We were up in time to watch the approach to Ponta Delgada on the clearest, warmest morning, and I was never so well able to appreciate Browning's little song, "The year's at the spring—and day's at the morn." A swarm of native vendors clambered on board with canary birds, lace work, bottles of wine, and baskets of fruit. I blew myself to the fruit.

We didn't wait for supper in order to get ashore. Our ferry was a funny little boat with one oar, set astern, and worked as a fish uses his tail. Allen and I didn't know which way to go first, each way seemed so inviting. We followed the nearest street and found it well paved with little cobblestones and beautiful mosaic sidewalks—inlays of white and black stones. Houses, all of a type I think very beautiful—walls perfectly unbroken except by the second-story balcony of iron grating, and such colors—green, lavender, pink, every color imaginable, and all packed close together into a solid wall, with semi-tropic vegetation here and there. Every other house had a wineshop on the ground floor. The six days we were there I never saw a drop of drinking water—don't believe the natives ever heard of it.

We prowled up one street and down another looking very rudely at everything and everybody. Everybody walks and drives in the street. We saw lots of barefooted old hags, and burros and goat-driven wagons. All the vehicles seemed to have two wheels only with the driver bouncing up and down and making a loud his-s-s which could be heard a block and served as a whip for his animal and a klaxon for all pedestrians.

On a later night we passed along a particularly slum-like street. The children romped in that street in hundreds. It wasn't long before we were recognized as Americans and a howl of "mune" (money) went up. We were followed in swarms, and there was not one of them over seven years old. Foolishly I threw one a penny. That was my Waterloo. They became so many wolves after us two sheep. They followed us in diminishing numbers for half a mile, sounding like a flock of cawing blackbirds in a thicket. Finally when all our pennies had been expended, Allen gave each of them one of his 100-for-5

cents Azores cigarettes and they went back inhaling like steam engines and seemingly well addicted to the weed—the girls as well as the boys. I'll never forget the sight of these infants strutting along with their cigarettes and flicking away the ashes with their chubby fingers.

One day out from Ponta, we hit a sure-enough storm. I had wished for one—I *got* it. We rolled and pitched and it seemed our fo'castle would go so far down it would never right itself. It got worse as night came on and I enjoyed it immensely until I went to bed. I was lying on my bunk (an upper one) reading when I heard a violent slap, a roar, and the force of the ocean dashed through the portholes and knocked me over the rail of my bunk onto the prostrate form of a seasick sailor below. I was never so surprised in my life—it all happened so quickly. My bed and I were drenched, the room was flooded. I had to laugh at my startled friend who was so rudely snapped out of his agony by a young Niagara of very cold water accompanied by 140 lbs. of me, all at once on his neck. I was soon sick enough to die. I greatly enjoyed the liberty of next day as the waves were running so high we didn't dare work on deck. We made exactly fifteen miles that twenty-four hours. All the way to the Channel the sea was uncomfortably rough, and it took us ten days instead of seven to make it here.

When Saturday morning I woke up we were not rocking—it was sunny once more and there right out my port was Beachy Head, the great glistening chalk cliff on the English coast. What a wonderful first view of England, and what an interesting day! Ships by the swarm, little ones, big ones, going and coming in streams. That day the bosun raved because I stopped doing everything to look—how hard I looked! The minute we got into the North Sea we began to stand on end again, and the thermometer dropped a mile. Cold? I had on three pairs of pants and my four shirts, but the knife-like wind found me dressed in gauze. Late this afternoon we fought the snow and wind twenty miles up the Humber River, and after frantic efforts of being towed and pushed through a maze of shipping and locks and canals so narrow we almost had to grease the ship to get by, we've docked.

When I get back I'm going to sail into history and books of travel

with a new zest and purpose, and when I come again I'll be ready. I know only enough now to know that I have everything to learn about Europe. Its geography is at my finger tips, but not its history and literature.

[*Lichfield—September 28, 1919.*] Even though I am half starved I'm already an Anglomaniac, and a raving one at that, and I've been here only a week. I liked the first glimpse of it, Beachy Head, so glistening and commanding, and then I liked the Channel, and I was delighted with Hull and my enthusiasm has grown with every hour.

Everything on wheels in this country is on a strike; not a railroad car, freight or passenger, has moved for three days. There is no food, no milk, nothing, being transported. I got all my information just tonight sitting in the smoking room here at Lichfield when a distinguished looking civilian and I began to converse as we stood side by side before the fire. Later a British Army officer looked in and said, "Oh! therr you arrrrr, General. I think we can go to supper now." And I found out just a minute ago that my friend was General Allenby, deliverer of Jerusalem, and one of the heroes of the war. In the dining room everyone was all eyes, and if I'd been a minute sooner I might have suggested to the General that we go to supper together and continue our conversation. You'll have to admit *that* was bad luck. Well I hope next time I meet General Haig or Admiral Beatty I'll know it.

Oh, well, let's go back to Hull. I saw the Captain of the *Octorara* and said the shipboard in N. O. had assured me we were making only a two-months' trip and I'd made my plans accordingly; that we had been *so* delayed I felt I was justified in asking that I might be freed to follow my plans made in N. O. It worked beautifully. I got my extra \$25 and was taken to the Consul. I found he was a Yale man, and so I emphasized my college connection and he did everything I suggested.

Well, once free of the ship I went to see the movies to celebrate—Charlie Chaplin—nothing but American films in this country. I passed a side entrance to the theater on my way to the front and found a bunch of gamins four to eight years old bubbling with excitement



over seeing Charlie. I took about half a dozen in with me for a shilling or so and they were delighted beyond measure. One of the four-year-olds insisted upon sitting on his benefactor's lap so I could read him the leaders. Charlie in *Sunnyside* was not half so amusing to me as those kids who almost fell out of their seats.

Thursday noon I was off for Manchester for no other reason than that I preferred central England to eastern. I got there about six. It has not one virtue except the hundreds of mills which spin our cotton.



Oh, let me tell you before I forget it—I grew a dandy mustachio on the ship. It was quite creditable but was taking on the Chinese mandarin aspect, so I began to clip the edges, till I had only a Charlie Chaplin mustache left which was so funny looking I cut it all off and bought me a walking stick as a substitute proof that I am a grown man.

Now get out the atlas, Mother and Dad, and turn to England. I bought a wonderful detail map and it enables me to know where I am to within a few hundred yards. From Manchester I went to *Macclesfield*, twenty miles, getting there about eight o'clock—wonderful farm country, small *green*, green fields checkered with low stone fences, cattle every place and very few crops except hay, but the beauty of these fields, and scattered trees and hills and church spires! The churches, built in 1200, 1250, 1300, and still being used every Sunday, and vying with one another on Sabbath mornings to see which can out-sound its neighbor with its chimes until the melody reaches from one corner of England to another.

Macclesfield to *Leek* along the most beautiful road in the world I know—lakes, hills, forests and fields, each of which looks like a sixteenth-century Dutch painting. Leek to *Ashbourne* where I stopped at the Inn with "*Built in 1619*" over the door—exactly 300 years old—and I suppose the feather bed I slept in was not much younger.

Through *Uttoxeter* I came yesterday to *Lichfield*, through more ever-changing scenery, along the Dove River, a tourist center even to Englishmen. I decided to rest today. My feet were tired and I wanted to write you and I *did* want really to see this wonderful little town. I spent the morning in Dr. Samuel Johnson's birthplace and

home, pouring over his relics. I've always been an admirer of his and have been well schooled in his life so I could appreciate it all. The afternoon I spent in the Cathedral, the most beautiful building I ever saw, begun in 1150 and so old it seems all melted together. And tomorrow morning I'm off for *Kenilworth*, you know what's there better than I. I've avoided Birmingham like poison, you see, after Manchester.

I'm so well and happy, never so fit and pepful. I walk just enough—30 miles or so a day, the happy medium. My bag's checked to London.

[*Stratford—October 2, 1919.*] I've had the best time the last two days, since I wrote you at Lichfield. The walk to Tamworth was made very early in the morning, from seven to nine, and I enjoyed it so much I shall get that early a start every day in the future. Tamworth castle is just the happy mean between Kenilworth and Warwick. The "battlements in tufted trees" make it romantic enough, not to mention the wonderful carvings, woodwork, etc. There is a dark and dank dungeon, and there are cold little bedrooms in the tower from which you can see for miles over these beautiful English landscapes. *Marmion* mentions this castle.

I walked on at noon to Kenilworth, reaching there after dark, and having come another thirty-two miles from Lichfield. Next morning I went straight to the castle, and what a wonderful morning I had! Misty rain kept all other visitors away so I had the guide all to myself—a marvelous guide! He had pictures and charts in stacks which we studied carefully before we began the rounds that I might get a good picture in my mind of what the castle was in all its glory—and I got it wonderfully. So before we started I saw what wasn't there at all. As we went slowly along, the guide gushed torrents of description and history, and whenever he slowed up I had a leading question ready which would crank him up again.

He gave me the history of England—the details of the history of the castle—the Pageant Leicester gave to Elizabeth. The man was an encyclopedia of Kenilworth knowledge and a student of it. He stood where Robsart stood and quoted Scott—and then Elizabeth with all the gestures—and then we moved down the marble steps

and saw before us the lake and its boat pageant. There was the garden where Robsart and Elizabeth had their first meeting; here was described a wonderful tapestry that hung where only the sky hangs now; here was the room that Leicester ransacked all Europe to furnish; here were the kitchens where the common soldiers were fed, and there were the beautiful carved stone apartments of Elizabeth and of Leicester; the moats and drawbridges; there was the spot where Shakespeare stood as a boy of eleven to watch the entertainment, and here it was that Tennyson's son told my guide that Tennyson stood when he composed the lines, "The splendour falls on castle walls"—and on and on, incident after incident, history, customs, quotations. The man was a genius in his line and I have never been so highly entertained. I went at ten, I left at three. We had both forgotten all about lunch. I lived in 1560 during those hours, not 1919.

I hurried on to Warwick and was not quite so well guided. I was allowed to see only half a dozen rooms or so on one side of the building, but they were very beautiful and historical, and when one considers that they have been untouched since 1675 they appear the more remarkable. Of course, I enjoyed the pictures most—the dozen or so Vandykes and Rubens—and the view of the Avon out the Great Hall window with the old broken bridge and waterwheel. It was after five and as I had nine miles to go to make Stratford, I had to hustle.

Shakespeare's birthplace got me first, of course, and I spent an hour or more racking the guides with questions. Most interesting were the signatures on the walls of Byron, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and lots of others. I met an Australian soldier, on furlough, and we did the town together, which made it most pleasant. The church, Trinity, got us next. We were there hours and found a guide who was as voluble as the one at Kenilworth. We examined every inch of the place to a great flow of description, and I took two rolls of films. Our guide gave us every privilege in the church and let us *stand on* Shakespeare's grave and take a picture of the inscription—

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear," etc.

We next went to the tower of the Memorial Theatre and got that

famous view of Trinity tower across the Avon, the view seen everywhere in pictures. We walked out to Anne Hathaway's cottage but didn't go in, and in the late afternoon took a punt and paddled up the river a mile or two—very, very beautiful. We went to the movies last night—and rather ruined the mood I was in—sort of sublime to ridiculous contrast.

This morning I'm going on my way to Oxford—two days' trip. These cool sunny days are delightful for such a tour as mine. I gave myself a week to get to London and I'm taking nearer two—thank goodness.

[*Oxford—October 4, 1919.*] Two more jumps and I'll land in London, for I'm in Oxford tonight. What a glorious city, such as America can never have with all her millions.

All my bad luck at the beginning of my trip has turned to good, lately, for today at nine o'clock a man came along and asked if I wanted a guide. Indeed I did. We parted at 6 P.M. I know Oxford from stem to stern after the most pleasant and instructive day I've had yet. But I must admit I've seen so much and heard so much my brain is in an Oxonian jumble—maybe this letter will help to disentangle it.

In his efforts to disentangle his brain from the Oxonian jumble he wrote a letter of interminable length. In the architecture of the Gothic buildings he finds "every door and window and cloister and arch of my college." He is again reminded of Princeton—"What did I see in the Quad at Corpus Christi but a sundial, an exact copy of which Princeton has in McCosh Court? It did look home sure enough." He meets the shade of Dr. Johnson at Pembroke College: "I saw the original portrait, his desk, his rooms—a tiny, cold bedroom, and a dingy little sitting room still in use." He covers a good deal of ground when he says, "Yes, All Souls Chapel is the most beautiful room in the world, and the Library comes second only to the Chapel." The letter goes on:

I've been thinking all day, "Well, would you like to come here for a college course?" and I've been unable to decide. The place inspires

and yet suffocates me. If I were an Englishman going to live in England I would have but one ambition—to get a degree from here. But for an American who will have had four years at Princeton and who is not going to take up any special line that demands great research work, I think Oxford a waste of time. Still, I may change my mind next week.

The walk yesterday from Stratford to Oxford was the best day's walk yet—the most beautiful up and down hill country, the most glowing October sun, and the ripest roadside blackberries which cost me at least an hour.

I can see my breath in this room so I'm going to bed before I get too cold.

[*London—October 10, 1919.*] The day I left Oxford was a bright Sunday and I started walking early on the longer road to London. I believe I enjoyed that walk most of all—the road led over high hills and through deep, dark valleys, and for ten miles in the late afternoon right along the bank of the Thames and past hundreds of estates in the river valley.

It was nearly night when I reached London and I had to find a boarding house. I saw that my beloved *Cyrano de Bergerac* was being played here—so I went that very night. It was even better on the stage than on paper, uproariously funny. Next day I spent in the National Gallery and at the Tate. I saw the original of "The Avenue" by Hobbema, a picture which has hung over my desk for four years. That night I went to the Russian Ballet. What music—100-piece orchestra—and what color and wonderful dancing! So agile and graceful and powerful, it's hard to believe they are human. *Prince Igor* had such wild music and wild dancing I *had* to see it again last night.

Yesterday it was again clear and cold and with my walking stick I felt that anything but walking would be too slow. I skipped down to the Victoria Embankment, and sailed down the Embankment with my cap on one ear and passed everything on wheels. The sub *Deutschland* that came to Baltimore in 1916 was tied up along the Embankment—I got a good look and a picture. I reached St. Paul's and spent some three hours inside. I *cannot* appreciate Wren's

buildings. The exterior of St. P. is beautiful enough, but all the gilt and gaudiness inside rub me the wrong way. The entire church inside is not worth the tiny jewel chapel at All Souls College in Oxford. *But* St. Paul's *dome* is a miracle of architecture. I climbed until I got up into a little cupola immediately below the big gilt cross on top of the dome. The view was so magnificent that I stayed until the door man in the gallery below came laboring up the ladder to see if I'd jumped out the opening. Well, I came down and sailed across London Bridge so I could be on the other side and able to come back across the Tower Bridge, which put me right at the Tower, where I spent the rest of the afternoon. The crown jewels interested me most, but if I had not had a fair knowledge of English history the Tower trip, all in all, would have been rather stupid. So far, I believe, Kenilworth, Oxford and St. Paul's *dome* have been the best adventures yet. I did enjoy Westminster, though.

Tomorrow I'm going to Paris—by airplane; at least I might if I am not overcome by my better judgment. London to Paris by air, what, Mother and Dad, could be more romantic and satisfactory? I may change my mind tomorrow, for my Palm Beach suit looks—well, if I were at home—oh, but I'm not at home and don't give a rip how I look. My flannel shirt and woollens and raincoat will keep me as warm as I want to be. My cap and army shoes are the acme of comfort and I've walked 225 miles in Ammudder's wool socks and there's no hole *yet*, and they've withstood some hard scrubbing, too.

I've had enough of London—just “one jammed thing after another”—I *never* saw such traffic jams and so many people. I go miles in every direction and the crowds never seem to thin out. I *am* getting hungry—tea and marmalade and ham and eggs, margarine and usually “out of eggs.” The menu would hide the side of a house and all they have to serve is tea and no sugar and margarined toast. Tell Laura\* I think of her three times a day—and fruit is worth its weight in platinum. If I forgot to say I'm terribly well, “leaving the table hungry” keeps one well. Oh, well—I'll go for more blasted tea and then to the ballet.

They'll be using a winch and pulley to get this letter aboard if I don't stop.

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\* Laura was the Halliburton's cook.

[*Hotel Vendôme, Paris—October 15, 1919.*] So this is Paris! My soul won over my better judgment. I left London at 2:30 and reached Paris at 5:00—275 miles—by air. But you see I'm still alive to tell the tale, and now I can weep because there are no more thrills to conquer.

That night before leaving London I went again to the Russian Ballet and enjoyed it more than ever. *Les Sylphides*, *Petrushka* and *Cleopatra* were the ballets that night. I forgot all about my air journey during those three artistic hours.

I was up early next morning and attended to everything and was at the Piccadilly Hotel at 10:30. None of the four in my car had ever been on a long air trip before and were all somewhat excited. Our plane was rolled out—a huge one—a Handley-Page, with two great Liberty motor engines. It carried twelve passengers beside the pilot. I asked if fur coat, goggles and helmet could be furnished and found they could. I asked if I could have the outside seat—the very *front* one. "Yes." I was given a heavy sheepskin coat, helmet and goggles which I put on over my raincoat. We were all stamping with impatience and cold. It was 2:30 when we rumbled over the ground to the opposite corner of the field to get started, turned around and, with a roar that was deafening, raced across the bumpy ground for 200 yards, and then took to the air. The first sensation I had was "wrap up." We turned straight into the cold wind at 100 miles an hour, and the wind was forced into every opening. I strapped the helmet tight as wax over my ears. My cab protected my body from the wind—only my head extending above the shield. By the time I got my clothes adjusted and looked over the edge we were right over the Thames and all London was stretched out before us—St. Paul's and the Tower I could make out. We kept climbing higher and higher until by the time we reached the coast we were 8000 feet up. The Channel was streaming with tiny specks—ships—and looked very narrow for we could see miles inland both in France and England. It was clear enough to make out the rolling bottom of the Channel—here were hills and there valleys. I can easily see what a menace to subs a plane might be.

At the French coast we began to come down to about 2000 feet. On up the Seine, never changing speed. The sun was getting low. During the first hour my nose and cheeks got so cold and felt so

funny I was sure they were frozen, especially since they wouldn't wiggle. Also, in my cramped position, my legs began to go to sleep. So I began to squirm and beat my hands and jiggle my legs till I grew warm again, and my nose melted and actually got warm, too. There was Amiens, and the cathedral, and as far as one could see were trenches, zigzagging every place. They were the last line of British trenches in March, 1918, when the Germans nearly broke through and were within twelve miles of Amiens. The soil is chalky, so the trenches made white streaks in the brown fields. Then it began to rain—oh, how it rained! The drops felt like pin pricks. Then the driver lost his bearings in the semi-dark and had to circle the Eiffel Tower to find them again. The landing field is some three miles outside the city wall. We made a beautiful landing. One gets the real flying feeling where I sat—may as well go by train as sit all closed in. I'm very happy I did it and I'm going to have a plane myself some day.

That night, my first night in Paris, I went to bed at 8:30 and slept thirteen hours. I guess the trip tired me, after all. Next day was Sunday, but you'd never know it—all the shops were open and traffic clogged the streets as usual. Paris is terribly crowded, almost as much as London, but everything is motorized here, like New York. I started walking—across the Place Vendôme—past the Opera House—of course I had a good map and knew where I was going—and some way or other around to the Champs-Élysées. What a beautiful street! It makes a vista that dwarfs all other cities. The man that planned this part of Paris had a divine imagination.

Yesterday I walked twenty miles, I suppose—visited Notre Dame and the Ile de Cité—on across the river to the Panthéon, which was closed—the Sorbonne—Jardin du Luxembourg—down Montparnasse Boulevard to the park facing the Invalides. I got into the Auto Show for a few minutes.

I've seen a lot of Paris and am having plenty of trouble with the language but guess I won't starve.

[*Hotel Vendôme—Wednesday.*] I've been working. I've studied French some twelve months in classes and I scarcely know how to ask for a glass of water or a postage stamp. I've found a first-class



school—strictly private lessons. I'll go to a French boarding house where I can live reasonably and never hear a word of English. I'll have to speak French and think French. It's the only way to get it. And I've got to be able to talk with my hands before I return to Princeton. That would take but about three hours a day of my time. I propose to use as much time studying *piano*. If I can concentrate on those two things—and exercise—I can accomplish much by January fifteenth. I must speak French because I'll use it all my life, for when I die there will have been few better traveled men than I.

I do not see much of France if I stay here—but there's next summer, and the next, and years to come. This morning I wrote to Helen, and this afternoon I spent in the Louvre. I put in four hours and got a snap of Venus di Milo when she wasn't looking. Which reminds me, I haven't seen Rodin's *Thinker*—must do it.

[*Written in Paris, mailed at Lille—Saturday, October 18, 1919.*]  
Your cabled money reached me this morning. I deposited 1800 francs in the banking department of the American Express and at once began to prepare for my trip north. My shoes needed half-soleing—the walk from Hull to London had quite an effect on the soles, and in the devastated country I'm going through, I'll need heavy shoes. I wanted a big-scale map of the battle area. I walked the streets an hour, going into every bookshop I saw. They had huge maps of France, but never heard of “une carte du territoire de la guerre.” Then I had an inspiration—Brentano's! Sure enough there it was, a map of northern France printed in New York by the *Times*. I've made one other purchase—a new pair of heavy socks—the pair I've worn and washed and worn have given up the ghost at last.

It was such a glorious, snappy day I couldn't *think* of *riding* to Versailles, so I walked it—and raised dust on the way. The policeman could not understand that I wanted to get my directions to go “à pied”—he kept telling me what tramways to take. It was just a nice three hours' walk. I had a good guide and we spent another four hours in the building. The Hall of Mirrors where the Treaty was signed has been all cleared away but the table. I'm sure I'd have gone mad living with all that gilt and glitter around me. The fountains were not playing that day, but the grounds were beautiful

enough without that. Coming back I got off the car at the city gate and walked home—it's such a waste of eyes to ride in Paris.

I'm getting on fine with français and the short week I've been here I've gained confidence enough to ask any way for what I want. When I get in a French lodging out of this English-ridden part of town it will come fast.

[*Back in Paris, very safe—October 28, 1919.*] This is going to be a ponderous letter. I think I'll start backward. I got back to Paris Sunday afternoon about five with the one thought of food. I went to the Vendôme for the night to my room, had the first bath in a week and went to bed at 7:30. And yesterday I went to about eight tailor shops looking for a suit. Paris may be heaven for women shoppers, but it's the opposite for a man. These ready-made suits are every color that *isn't* dark and affect a style that makes one all bosom and hips



like this. Really that's a good picture. I finally got a motley very dark gray. Then came the real Battle of the Marne. "Jack, of New York" would not, could not, understand why I refused *all* his picture book "bosom and hips" styles. Finally I gave him my own coat and told him to copy it, and if there was one measurement one-tenth of an inch different I wouldn't take the suit.

I needed a walk after a round with him and hurried to the Sorbonne where I had a very satisfactory interview. They said the Alliance Française had anything and everything I could wish. So I bade the Sorbonne good-by—and sadly—it's such a dignified, inspiring place. The Alliance Française offered me every grade of class—and I was placed in one elementary but well above beginners—two hours six days the week.

Then for a lodging. Well, at last when I was very weary and discouraged, I *found* it. The apartment faces the "Jardin Luxembourg," in the midst of academic Paris. The owner is a Professor of Chemistry at the Sorbonne. His wife is a very motherly sort of woman and has three children. There are three other Sorbonne professors as boarders, and it's close to my school. I was rewarded indeed for my persistence.

This morning I got up "and went to school." The class has nine—

and a splendid teacher. The pupils are all about my speed. But I've got a front bench so I can miss nothing. We had two hours this morning. This class is only incidental to my *real* class in the afternoon—one hour private lesson. I'm going to take 50 such lessons. They are mostly conversation. I talk and use what I learn in the morning. The husband of my landlady-to-be wishes to exchange lessons with me. We may alternate nights. He speaks enough English to get along but wishes perfection. So, you see, I'm throwing myself into this with a vim. I'm through tearing around, for a while, and am going to grind.

Among the students in my morning class are two girls—one from Chicago and one from New Orleans. They are about the sizes of Mutt and Jeff, but very sociable and fun to talk to, and Mutt says she can dance. So next Saturday night with my new suit, we'll go to one of the million dance places here. Well, voila!

Well, I mailed you a letter from Lille, written in Paris. To Amiens the country was normal. The work of the Germans in 1914 before the Marne has disappeared. But at Albert, where the British finally stopped the greatest German drive in March, 1918, I got a visual blow all at once. What dreadful desolation—a wall here and there, cleared streets, and then bricks and mortar and more bricks on every hand! A corner of the utterly destroyed Somme country, in which the Boche killed every blade of grass before he retreated. Someway it didn't look earthly. Dead water, gray, dead tree trunks, dead shambles all overgrown with dead weeds, dead hopes, dead, dead—that's the only word to describe what one could see.

The Germans never reached the center of Arras, but the railroad station was being rebuilt. Of course, such an important rail center was a target for Hun guns, and as Arras all during the war was situated with the line on three sides, you can imagine what happened to it. Farther on I saw batches of fat German prisoners, and the few other humans were Chinese laborers.

And then Lille, the biggest city held by the Huns in France. The station has been put back, but in the square opposite and every block around—more shambles, big, beautiful stone columns half buried in bricks and timbers. Poor Lille! The day I got there it was celebrating its first anniversary of liberation. It was Sunday and the buildings

were decked with flags and the streets with people. I stopped an English Captain to ask about the destroyed buildings. "All done by Allied airmen," he said. "Lille was one of the very biggest transportation centers the Germans had and the station and railroads caught it." Lille would have starved but for the American Red Cross—it almost did anyway—especially just after the German evacuation, when every bridge leading into the city was blown up to prevent the Allied advance. So for ten days there was literally no food in the city, and it was during those days that Paris obliterated the great statue of Lille in the Place de la Concorde with expensive flowers and served champagne banquets in Lille's honor, when Lille had not even a crust of bread. But that's typically French.

The situation is the same still. Paris has money to burn—and burns it. The more outrageous the price, the bigger the fight to purchase. The agents at the automobile show were swamped and sold all available stock in two days. Jewels, gowns, luxuries for Paris, but not one cent for the brave starving farmer who has returned and is sticking to a space of earth that reels in shell holes and is impassable with barbed wire, living in a cave or dugout and trying to clear his fields and begin to level them and to build a more substantial dwelling from the blasted stones of his former home. They have realized "what we wish done we must do ourselves."

The ruling question is, "Where is the Germany indemnity we have been promised? Where are the machines and stock, and motors and *capital* we were to have received from Germany? The Huns have stolen, and destroyed what they could not steal, and now that France is victorious our possessions are not returned, nor are we given any assistance to obtain more." No wonder the country is still dead after a year of "freedom." It's not given a chance to come to life—but it *is* coming in spite of the *devil* himself. With nothing but their two hands those people will reconstruct their homes. For when there is such a spirit prevailing—why, I saw a mother and father and four little children, each with a heavy iron wire-cutter, laboriously clearing the fields of the barb—when there's *that* spirit, nothing else is really necessary. But I'm writing what I should save for the end.

Monday morning I left Lille and tramped south toward Lens.

The fields along the road to Seclin were in cultivation—no houses left, but the crops were there. At Seclin the entire aristocratic section of the town had been dynamited house by house by the Hun officers who had occupied such comfortable quarters. The Lille-Lens road has a big sign “Kronprinz Strasse”—no doubt it’s left there just for ridicule.

Along toward noon I approached Lens and entered the Hindenburg line. I suppose there was more desperate fighting around Lens and more British and Canadian lives were lost there than at any other spot on the front. Lens is France’s Pittsburgh. The one thing that distinguished the German and Allied lines always was the fact that the German was concrete flanked by steel pillboxes and concrete dug-outs which are still intact, so strong they were, and the Allied lines had no protection, or very little.

Lens is simply the greatest ruin the world ever saw. A city the size of Memphis. Standing at the center where the “Grand Place” used to be, one can look for two miles in all directions and see nothing, almost, but a sea of bricks and wreckage. Not *one* house, not one *wall*, was left standing. The highway from Lille to Arras has been cleared and patched, but all other streets were obliterated. This wreckage was leveled and then churned by the guns and then bombed from above and trench dug only to have the trenches bombarded.

Here and there is a frame shack and in several places an entire row of houses built from the bricks of the old. On a miraculously preserved gate post only half shot away, I saw a big red sign: “Grand Bal, City of Lens—Place de la Guerre—Octobre 22.” I stared at that sign. A grand ball in such a desert! “City of Lens” was pathetic, too.

Then on to Vimy and its famous ridge, just as the evening wave shadows enveloped everything again. I stood on the edge of the great crater, a mile long, 125 feet deep, 600 feet wide—something I’d longed to see ever since the report of it stirred the world. The acres of closely packed graves told the story.

It was black night and I had some six or seven miles to go to Arras, so I hailed a French lorry and the driver promptly drove off the road into a deep water-filled hole and the water killed his engine. He got awfully peeved because I wouldn’t get out in water up to my neck and crank while he held the brakes to keep the machine from

rolling deeper into the hole. I couldn't take his place, as we tried to change once and in doing so slid in some three feet deeper. Understand, we had no light and it was the darkest, foggiest night you ever saw. He yelled French at me which I couldn't understand, and I English at him which he couldn't. I crawled on top the canvas top and waited till he got tired of holding the brake and let her go. It didn't go much deeper—but left me seated on a little white, but dry, island. An ambulance (English) came along and heard our cries and found a long plank on which we climbed to the ridge. The ambulance took me to Arras.

But my troubles had only begun. Not a room for \$1000—but I found two Tommies and they took me to their barracks and fixed me up, for nothing. I had dinner, though, in a hotel, where the dining room was once all mirror covered. A Hun shell had landed in the room—and you ought to see those mirrors. About every other house in Arras is standing.

Then on to Bapaume. I'm sure I've read the name "Bapaume" 500 times in the papers. It was fought over in the battles and prayed for at home, as if it had been Paris itself, whereas it's a tiny village—some 500 people once—but it had a big moral effect when captured or lost, and it took England a year to advance the ten miles to Bapaume from her 1915 front. The Bapaume advance cost England nearly 1,000,000 dead, wounded and prisoners—only to lose every foot of it and as much again in March, 1918. Well, Bap. is only thirteen miles from Arras, but I spent twelve hours getting there and walked some thirty miles. I met a Tommy on the road who suggested that he take me to the Hindenburg line close by.

This country, which once was a checkerboard of fields, with numerous houses and trees, fences and ditches, has all been scrambled into one desert, with nothing to stop the big plow for miles and miles. I got to the pile of bricks called "Bapaume" about six—dark—and went to the one *estaminet* for lodging. I got supper there, then was escorted to the *salle de coucher*, and was given the one cot—in the iron room—half of an empty cylinder, like this. I slept on the springs



with two blankets on top, so that I froze from beneath and my teeth chattered so all night they kept me awake.

Next morning I was up early and off for Cambrai. Along that road one saw a patch of plowed ground here and there and a cow or so and mine holes 100 feet deep. You can imagine what walking was like.

I must stop here, and continue in our next. I've so much to tell, I can't put it all in one letter.

[*Paris—Monday, November 3, 1919.*] How I've ground my teeth over a news item in the *Herald* (Paris Edition)! The Germans have successfully sidestepped the Allies, not only in refusing to return the property they stole but now in having the brazenness to send a committee to London (*not* to Paris, please note) to grovel and plead that the 150,000 milch cows which they admit they stole from North France, they be allowed to retain in opposition to the Peace Treaty—because if they return them all the *German children will starve*. Did I see one *drop* of fresh milk from Lille to Rheims? I did not. I saw not over ten cows the entire trip. The condition of the children is so pitiful it racks one to look at them. Have they tasted milk since 1914—some of them since they were born? They have not! And now the Germans come whining and beg that they be allowed to keep these poor babies in this same state for years longer. What an insult! I cannot see why the English did not mob the delegates. If I handled it I'd make them not only return animal for animal, but two for one, for justice's sake. You see I'm still full of my trip north. I'll always be full of it—the impressions and indignations are there to stay.

Well, I'm working night and day now. I believe this new home I'm in dropped from Heaven for my special needs. It's a delight. The Professor, the landlord, is a typical teacher, impractical, unbusinesslike, untidy, but a real student and awfully learned. At night from eight to ten we exchange lessons. I'm not of very much use to him, but he is invaluable to me. The landlady is very kind and corrects my many mistakes and helps me in a hundred ways. The three boys—aged ten, six, four—are unusually bright children and we have a half-hour or so after lunch looking at their school books, and I manage to be interesting and learn a lot from them. I can *almost* keep up with the table conversation already.

How I enjoy the two-hour Cosmopolitan class. Miss Mutt and I have a jolly time together, and as we are a bit keener than the other pupils, rather dominate the class. I called on her Saturday afternoon and we had a long walk in the snow and found some real American ice-cream, which we attacked at once.

I've about given up any idea of music. My nights are taken up in study. In fact, I have from four to six open and nothing else. I'm trying so hard to get my French *moving*. Once I can get *into* the conversations, the victory is won.

I'll finish my trip hastily. I left you at Cambrai, didn't I? The road to Saint-Quentin led straight through the middle of the Hindenburg line. St. Q. is a shell, just like all the rest. I got there after dark, but found a shamble called "hotel" and had a very good meal in the only undemolished room in the building. The one room contained kitchen, dining room, office, etc. Next day I spent the morning roaming around. Here, too, all the old and beautiful public buildings were scrapped. The big cathedral, built on the top of the biggest hill for miles, and very white, still stood—no roof, no steeples, no interior, just four punctured walls.

I planned to take the train to Laon so as to rest a day before the Chemin des Dames, but I found the trains very unsatisfactory and decided I could walk it quicker—which I did. It took me four hours to get out of sight of the St. Q. cathedral, only to spend the next four trying to reach the quite visible cathedral at Laon. Laon was far enough behind the lines to escape, although it was alive with Germans and a concentration point for them. I had to pass through the forest of St. Gobain between La Fère and Laon. Not to have seen any trees from Lille and all at once to meet this deep forest, aflame with autumn colors, was startling.

I had a heavy day ahead, so I took a truck to the end of the Chemin des Dames I wished to begin at. What a day! The Chemin des Dames and both sides of it for some six or eight miles make the Somme battlefield look like a flower garden. The C. des D. area was too sterile and hilly for cultivation before the war, so it has been *utterly* abandoned since. I expected a great highway. I found an uncertain path, with a few cobblestones here and there of the remains of the former pavement. This area has not been touched—tanks,



guns, equipment, thousands of shells—just as it was in November a year ago. Trenches still camouflaged, but one huge crater after another, all big-gun craters, so that following the serpentine path was very difficult. On the tip top of the highest point are the remains of Fort Malmaison, the greatest French effort in the way of fortifications, excavated into the very bowels of the earth, room after room, passage after passage, all surrounded with stone walls and arches eight feet thick. The outside only was wrecked. The passages were 60 feet underground. But it all fell in April, 1918, to the surprise German attack and is now a heap of ruins also, but so interesting I lingered almost two hours exploring that utterly desolate place. Then I went on down the trail for some six miles, when all of a sudden the most violent explosion 200 yards ahead all but knocked me off my feet and showered me with dirt and stones. In a moment I realized it was a depot explosion I'd run into. All the unused shells are gathered and exploded—for safety—in some such forlorn place as I was in. Lucky I was no closer.

A mile farther on and the path simply disappeared and only barbed wire in heaps, and shell holes, confronted me, so I gave it up and retraced my steps a few hundred yards to where a path led down the side of the hill, but my map gave no roads or directions whatsoever. I got completely befuddled and lost—it was nine o'clock, three hours of darkness—before I finally straggled onto the Rheims highway. I saw not one human being from five to nine o'clock to ask my way and not a light to indicate where one might live. On the highway I ran into an *estaminet* or wine tavern, where I was given supper and a bed on the floor.

On to Rheims next day. Poor Rheims! It was a beautiful white stone city, once, and the houses that have had the destroyed parts replaced and then the old stones cleaned to equal the new are little gems of buildings. It is not so bad as Lens—nothing could be—but next to Lens it has suffered most (except Verdun, I suppose). The cathedral! Well, I don't see how it stands. Many of the flying buttresses and outer walls seem to hang by a hair. All the beautiful carvings, in which R. was the richest cathedral in Europe, is gone. The statues—if they still exist—are shapeless hunks of stone. All the stone tracery and lace-work are battered into gnarled nothings. But

the foundations, the *supports*, of the building still stand. The roof is gone. All the windows and window facings are gone. The inside is a grass-grown heap of blasted stones ten feet deep.

[*Paris—November 20, 1919.*] I've had a new adventure since I wrote last—in a hospital. Oh, but I'm out—was only in four days with a bad cold and sore throat. I went to an American doctor right away as I had a little fever and a very sore swallower. He said just go to bed and gargle this, etc.

Sometimes I feel I'm making no progress at all with the language. The worst part about French, real modern French, is that after you have the nouns and verbs and think you are quite ready to say anything, you find that no one understands you because they use the words in an entirely different way from English. We may know "Que—what," "est—is," "la—the," "date—date," and we say, "Presto, I can say 'What is the date—que est la date?'" But that means nothing at all. "What is the date?" is "le combien sommes nous?" ("the how much are we?"). But I'll get there some day if I have to come to France every summer for 40 years.

Dad, you'll be glad to hear my "soul" says for me to be home by February first, although, if I were on the move, it might say different. I'm not recklessly happy here, as I was until I got back from the north. I'm here now just to work and am as restless as ever. I wonder if I'll be restless in Heaven and want to "move on." Oh, I just thought of something—my morals and wicked Paris. The only reason I've not mentioned it before is honestly because it never occurred to me. All the stories about Paris are the products of an evil and wild imagination. The "battle of the boulevards" has entirely failed to materialize. I've not been spoken to on the streets *once*—so I guess I'll live through it. Yesterday Miss Mutt and I had a walk in the rain to our "American" ice-cream parlor.

No, Dad, my experience has not been a "frolic"—altogether; I took it too seriously. It wasn't *Europe* I was after. Mars would have served the purpose. Just some place where I could take the lid off and boil over—with hopes of simmering down. I've simmered a lot but not so much as I hoped to. If I don't go to bed soon it will be time to get up.

[*Paris—November 29, 1919.*] Two fat letters from Princeton, one from Larry and one from Heinie, make me eager to be back in New Jersey. I'll stack my friends there against anybody's. I'm doing all I can to keep in touch with them, but as I find it terribly hard to live on 24 hours a day as it is, my correspondence with them is scanty. With the \$5 you sent me I saw *Romeo and Juliet* and never enjoyed anything more. Of course, the opera house is gorgeous beyond description, and the opera itself was artistic and glorious. I'm going to a Gluck concert next week with Madame and Monsieur Lebrettre with whom I live.

Yes, Dad, I *have* gone to the bat with "la langue française," and I've kept all my resolutions, but I've been at it a month now and I make a mistake every time I speak and these natives may as well talk Greek to me unless they speak slowly and distinctly. I want to learn how to say "If you try to put that over on me you'll get stung," as well as "Have you seen the book of my sister?"

I spent two hours in the Luxembourg Museum last Sunday. It's a perfect gem. It's so small you are not bothered by thoughts of what you are missing and a feeling that you must hurry to see it all as at the Louvre. There are not more than 75 statues and 150 pictures, but each one is a delight and just the kind I wish I had.

I get home about six-fifteen and have till seven to read the papers or any French literature I may have, and to write all my letters, because from dinner to ten I have my exchange lesson which throws all my studying after ten. Heinie writes me he saw the Registrar about my credits, etc., and says I can continue in my class, but I was pretty sure I could. Nice of Heinie, wasn't it? Bien, il me faut revenir à la langue française.

[*Paris—Friday, December 5, 1919.*] What happy days these last few have been—for I've been swamped with mail—*three* letters from you, Mother, one from Dad, Helen, Esther, and lots from Princeton with rolls of newspapers about the Yale-Princeton game. Oh, the glowing letters I get from Princeton—the place seems to have gone mad over parties, proms, excitement—everything but work. Helen's letter was nothing but good times. You know I hate to miss a party and if I were there maybe you'd be wishing I wasn't.

I had great plans to go to the Riviera January first and possibly sail from Marseilles, but no, I'm going to sit here and grind to the very limit of my capacity to the last minute. You know if I ever took the notion to attack the diplomatic world, speaking French would double my opportunities. And when English and French are the same to me, then I hope to overcome Spanish (and have an excuse for romping off to spend three months in Barcelona or Buenos Aires).

I'll be the gladdest boy alive to get my trunk again—I'm so tired of washing my one shirt (I *won't* wear these freak French clothes so long as I have one American shirt)—and to be all dolled up once more.

Dad, you hit the wrong target when you write that you wish I were at Princeton living "in the even tenor of my way." I *hate* that expression and as far as I am able I intend to avoid that condition. When impulse and spontaneity fail to make my "way" as *uneven* as possible then I shall sit up nights inventing means of making life as conglomerate and vivid as possible. Those who live in the even tenor of their way simply exist until death ends their monotonous tranquillity. No, there's going to be no even tenor with me. The more uneven it is the happier I shall be. And when my time comes to die, I'll be able to die happy, for I will have done and seen and heard and experienced all the joy, pain, thrills—every emotion that any human ever had—and I'll be especially happy if I am spared a stupid, common death in bed. So, Dad, I'm afraid your wish will always come to naught, for my way is to be ever changing, but always swift, acute and leaping from peak to peak instead of following the rest of the herd, shackled in conventionalities, along the monotonous narrow path in the valley. The dead have reached perfection when it comes to even tenor!

Once and for all, dear Mother and Dad, the only "slant" I've developed is sideburns and the only "designing French girl" is Miss Urbain of Chicago—age twenty-four, weight 165—but a perfect clown and a jolly companion—*Miss Mutt*.

[*Paris—December 16, 1919.*] I'm bursting with news. I've *engaged my passage home*. Meet me at New York, January 29. I'm not willing to come earlier for all of a sudden I find that French has given

up combating me and surrendered to my ceaseless attacks, and the rest is all down hill. It gave me a real thrill to sign for my passage home. It's a long time off yet, but it's definite. I'm so happy over it and I know you are.

I was prepared to spend Christmas day moping, but I've changed my mind. Mr. Sanford, the American California University engineer I wrote you about, I like more and more. We've decided to spend the holidays together "Du Midi"—the Riviera,—Nice, Monte Carlo, etc. Both schools close from December 28 to January 4, so I'll have nothing to do for eight days—why not go on this trip? I'll wear my old Palm Beach suit at Nice and be glad to get this gunny sack off my back. It *is* warm, but about as well fitted as an Indian squaw blanket. I'll be back in Paris January 4 for two hard-working weeks; then home. Pack my trunk. Don't forget my Tux or my watch (my wrist watch in spite of all its salt baths still keeps within half-hour of the right time)—and my brown soft hat—and my overcoat—my scrapbook (I really *have* some "scraps" now)—oh, yes, and my suitcase—or a new one—oh, and don't forget my soft shirts—I'm going to embrace 'em when I get within reach. There's no such luxury in Paree, and I've been forced to starched collars—and I'd as soon be forced to matrimony. Did I tell you I got a long letter from Esther? Why not ask her to Florida with you, Mother—pass her off as a daughter-in-law? You might be on the safe side and get used to it in case of emergencies. Still for "yers and yers" I'd as soon take poison as a wife, 'cause I've already begun to think about my next trip—land in Spain and study Spanish.

[*Paris—December 22, 1919.*] After having made every arrangement on the *Mauretania*, the Am. Ex. Co. received a wire canceling all bookings as the *Mau.* has broken out with barnacles or something and has to go into dry dock for treatment. Everybody who booked the *Mauretania* is mad as a hornet, for we must all take the *Adriatic* sailing January 22.

Mr. Sanford and I are all set for our vacation south into the sunshine again. If I hadn't met Mr. Sanford, I would perish of "mal du pays," homesickness, on Xmas day, but being on the move and with a congenial companion, it will be easier to stand.

Yesterday (Sunday) he and I planned to walk out to Versailles, but as usual it was dribbling rain, so we rode out and had dinner at V. and I acted as guide. I had to hurry back, for Madame and Monsieur Lebrettre and I had seats to see Pavlova. Of course, it was beautiful, especially the Chopin music, but I did not enjoy it anything like the Russian Ballet in London, which was wild and reckless and unrestrained. Pavlova and her ballet were too studied and conventional and, while graceful beyond words, were devoid of any thrill.

[*Monte Carlo—December 29, 1919.*] I hope somebody shoots me the next time I tell the truth. Tonight, because I blurted out the truth without thinking, they wouldn't let me in the Casino. It was about the stupidest thing I ever did.

[*Later.*] Still no luck. I got next to the concierge and he gave me the "dope" on how to get in, but it didn't work.

All rather incoherent but it's like this. December 24—at 6 P.M.—my friend Sanford and I fought our way onto the Lyons Express and had the bumpiest, dirtiest, nicest ride ever, because after all it *was* a vacation. So we spent Christmas Eve at Lyons and celebrated by going to bed at 9:30 and sleeping twelve hours. Xmas day was almost as exciting. We strolled around the deserted streets, climbed the top of a near-by hill which is surmounted by a petit Eiffel Tower, and from the top of that had a super-glorious view of the city squeezed in between the Rhone and Saône rivers. But, *the sun was shining*. You, back home, can't appreciate the glory of that phrase. After two months of rain, yes, the sun was shining, and it made the rivers glisten, and the distant obscure Alps appear as if by magic—great white peaks so obvious and yet so camouflaged by the sky that you ask yourself, Are they there or are they not? Nor did that melting light ignore the narrow, funny little byways lined with houses standing since the year 400, for Lyons was a thriving city under the Romans and is dotted with ancient monuments. We had Xmas dinner in a nice restaurant. But even my pleasant companion could not keep my mind off 1916 Central Ave. How far off it was, how lonesome and vaguely uneasy it must be. Eh bien—next Xmas—next Xmas?

On to Marseilles—*oh*, what a lively, interesting, bizarre place, “the most cosmopolitan city in the world”—and I believe it. The streets, balmy all night, swarmed with holiday merrymakers—thousands of Algerians—as many turbans as hats—a hundred different shades of Negroes—Chinese—Indians—a drop out of the East—but what a low joint. Sanford and I, obviously American, were beset and besieged by armies of street walkers. It was my first taste of it, because, as I’ve written before, Paris during my stay has not come up to its reputation by about 99%. Next day more sun—and *such* sun that I donned my ready B.V.D.’s and dear, old, indefatigable Palm Beach suit, and had breakfast on the sidewalk in an orgy of sunlight. There is a very steep and high rock back of the city—and perched on the point of the highest pinnacle is a church which gave us our first view of the “Côte d’Azur.”

Marseilles, crowded into a little valley along the coast, is no less impressive than the 30-mile stretch of *undescribably* blue water—not just blue but *blue*—and ships in flocks—tiny ones—big ones—what a thrill it gave me—the smell and the sensation of the sea—“once a seaman, always”—*c’est moi!* So I dragged Sanford down to the wharfs and got another taste of the real Marseilles—squalor, heaps of garbage, swarms of flies and half-naked children, sore-ridden beggars sleeping on the steps, filthy cafés, filthier people. After the monotonous splendor of Paris, the contrast was doubly realistic.

—On to Nice, just turquoise and green pines and foaming surf and glistening white houses and flowers and sunshine—*sunshine*—only it’s all that and more. It is a gem of a city. What man, in his utmost effort, has failed to accomplish to make Nice perfect, Nature *has* accomplished. The promenade along the shore is crowded with people from every land, and the hotels and homes are magnificent beyond words. Sanford and I stayed in Nice until yesterday. We climbed one of the near-by hills and through the openings in the twisted pine trees got our fill of blue, white, and green landscapes. But Nice is only one little spot in a great Heaven and is no more beautiful than the other spots. The casinos in Nice are enormous and one sees thousands of people in the concert hall or over the forest of tea tables or in the roulette rooms. The roulette at Nice is

a simple affair where one franc is the stake. Altogether I played nearly four hours and had the usual beginner's luck, winning 260 francs but always playing a careful, timid game. Now I was all set to try Monte Carlo. My passport states age nineteen—and a seaman—so I knew better than to show *that*. Sanford had his passport and with a little soft talk and my visiting card I was about to get in when the agent asked me, "What profession?" and instead of saying glibly, "retired Steel Magnate" I blurted out, "Student"—and at once realized it was all over. It was.

This morning Sanford came home minus 200 francs, which helped to soothe my disappointment. I strolled around the grounds overlooking the blue bay and decided it was the most beautiful park I'd ever seen. But some time soon I'm coming back here—when I'm twenty-one—and try my luck. This hotel is beyond my means, so we're going back to Nice tonight. This afternoon I'm walking and hugging the coast to Mentone, on the Italian frontier and some twelve kilos from here. Sanford *won't* walk. Next time I'll stay a month and walk, walk, walk. For a walker the Riviera is heaven.

Going home (Paris) I'll not stop once but gird my loins and grit my teeth and *stand* the 22-hour trip. Sanford is going on to Italy, but it's Paris for me—necessity, not preference. This trip has made me all the more determined to *get* my French. *Everybody*—that is, all guests—speaks French, especially the English visitors.

In spite of all this glorious sun and country, I'm thinking more and more about the end. My "amazing interlude" is almost over. I will be back in the "even tenor" of my way at Princeton and really wondering if I dreamed all this. It's all too fantastic to have *happened* to me. But now it's *fini*. Get out the fatted calf, for, in less than a week after you get this, the prodigal will appear afar off—and, true to the original, leaning on his "staff."

[*Paris, January 7, 1920.*] Bien, this *is* my last letter, mes chères parents. The darned old *Adriatic* was postponed until January 28, so I sail January 17 (before or after) on the French liner *Savoie*—eight days in summer but guaranteed to take longer now. The *Savoie* is the *bummest* boat still afloat, but I guess a salty sailor like me won't mind. I can't think of a darned thing to keep me from leaving with



the boat. Still the *Lorraine*, sister ship of the *Savoie*, struck today and all passages were canceled. If that's my luck I'll jump in the overflowing Seine.

Of course, I'm back in Paris after my nice bake in Nice. I found the city scared to death by the Seine River. It's much higher than a cat's back and gives us a chance to see what Venice must be like. The gas company has shut off gas and Paris has frozen up. But I'm in my room only to sleep, so *ça ne fait rien*—it doesn't matter.

Dad, all you wrote about my restlessness is very true. But you are nearly thirty years older than I am—that's the whole point—and when I'm your age I'll be writing my son just what you've said to me and what your father would have said to you if he had been alive when you were twenty. Didn't you have a wonderful trip through Canada and New England just before you entered Boston Tech? My restless nature must come from one of you—I didn't cause it—but whoever is to blame, I'm very grateful, because I wouldn't take \$1,000,000 for it. When I reach forty I think I will have had enough of uneven tenor. Gosh, Dad—"don't bring you a daughter." You forgot to tell me not to bring home Mt. Blanc or Sarah Bernhardt—but I won't.

Only ten more days—Whoop la!

## CHAPTER III

### BACK TO PRINCETON AND THE PIC

It was the custom of father and son to spend the Easter holidays together. The Easter of 1920 Richard suggested their meeting in Washington and proceeding to Harper's Ferry, with its historical associations—John Brown's dramatic episode and, not far off, the battlefield of Antietam. There would be fine walking.

On top of one of the hills overlooking the Shenandoah Valley and the Potomac River Richard told his father of his desire to vagabond around the world after he had graduated, instead of taking the usual three months' summer trip to Europe which had been promised him as a reward for getting his degree.

This was a surprise. Could it be that a refined, esthetic young man who elected to study the Classics, Poetry, Oriental Literature, the History of Painting, who disliked noise and dirt and banality, could crave to be a vagabond? The father knew his son's flair for travel and his restlessness. So after much discussion to develop his ideas, consent was given, with, of course, the mother yet to be heard from. After Princeton, what? had been a problem previously unsolved. This scheme was his solution and he was certain that after such an adventure the future would be of no further concern. His inner conscience, the "still small voice," had spoken.

Princeton—April 2, 1920

My own dear Mudder:—

I'm so curious to get a letter from you telling me how you spent the days Dad was with me. Perhaps I will tomorrow. He 'phoned Hafford yesterday and went to New York this morning. I scarcely saw him the two days he was here, as I'm full up with work Mondays and Tuesdays. Last night, however, we went to a concert together (David Werrenrath) and after had a long walk and a really good,

frank visit. I've never spent a more pleasant week with Dad. It was so much better than New York. After I wrote you from Washington, we walked back to the Capitol and had lunch with Congressman Fisher and Senator McKellar and I met most of the Senate. In the afternoon we had a wonderful walk in Rock Creek Park, an interesting wild bit of land.

That night it was warm and moonlight and from the observation car we watched the Potomac all the way to Harper's Ferry, which has been called the most enchanting spot in ten continents and I believe it. We climbed to the top of the old town and looked down on the Shenandoah and Potomac River rapids all shiny in the moonlight. Harper's Ferry is so old and interesting it reminds one of something European and ancient. Next morning we climbed by easy stages to the top of the promontory and the view we got is worth coming miles to see. It must be even more wonderful in flowery spring. It was the sort of view you want to keep on looking at for hours. On top, we had a very important talk he'll tell you about. And then we climbed down to the river again, right through the rocks and bushes, had more fun! In the afternoon we hired a Ford and loped over to Antietam Battlefield. It was a clear, sunny day.

At Philly we had to wait an hour or so for trains and walked into the Bellevue-Stratford to wait. There was an orchestra playing, and playing the very pieces I know and love best. They played Schubert's "Moment Musical," which I heard so often in France and next to "Ave Maria" love best of all. After the concert last night we walked for over an hour and had a good talk. I know he really enjoyed his trip. It was novel and he rested and loafed and met all my friends. We talked of next summer. He likes Mike, naturally.

Soon after the Easter vacation Richard was elected Editor-in-Chief of the Princeton *Pictorial*. He grew determined to make it a lively and influential campus publication. His letters till the close of college are about the *Pic*, essays, proms, examinations. On his way home he stopped at Chicago to attend the Republican National Convention, out of which he got a great "kick."

Before commencement, Richard and Mike and Burnham Hock-

aday had developed a tentative plan for a late-summer outing in the Rocky Mountains, depending on the reaction of their parents to the scheme. Finding them sympathetic, in July Richard proceeded to Kansas City to join the Hockadays and with a fourth boy, Ed Keith, continued to Browning, Montana, their starting point.

[*Browning, Montana—July 20, 1920.*] We rode to Glacier Park Hotel day before yesterday. We rode back the same afternoon and all four of us declared it was the merriest day ever. None of us had been on a horse in ten years and the effect was correspondingly severe. It took us three hours each way. The daily rains have made the vegetation dense and the rolling hills, checkered in sunlight and shadow and all ablaze with flowers, make an unforgettable sight. I remember how you marveled at the purple heather hills you saw in Scotland. These are much the same. One hill is purple with wild asters, the next yellow with Shasta daisies, the next blue with bluebells. Best of all is a small orange flower that covers the ground for square miles. The only sign of civilization is a lonely steer or a long-haired Indian on his lean horse.

These Indians are worth the trip to see. Lots of them speak English and have the funniest names. One of our guides is called "Raising-hell-for-nothing," another "Pete-bad-old-man," and his wife "Rose-a-long-time-sleeping." Rose weighs about 400. She and Pete are collecting our provisions in a rickety old wagon, followed by their seven dogs. Rose was wearing a big brass and leather belt and when I asked Pete if she would sell it to me he made a sweeping motion which included Rose from tip to toe and all she had on, and grunted, "Ten dollars." But he wouldn't sell the belt unless I took Rose, too. They are just like our niggers, entirely irresponsible, and we've been delayed by their breaking faith.

Our two guides are old at the game and are taking us straight into the mountains where there are no trails and no Indians, only mountain sheep and deer. We've been busy as bees all morning packing and it looks as if our four pack horses will not be enough. We will be off at six tomorrow. Mike and I are reveling in this country. The horses we rode to Glacier were just "Injun" horses—gallop or trot. The hotel at Glacier Park was wonderful. We had

lunch there and rested a bit. We'll stop there a day or so coming through the Park, beginning about August first or third. Mike and I have a bedding roll—canvas and waterproof—and five double blankets. We have a world of provisions but four men and two guides for three weeks take food. We haven't been fishing but we have four collapsible rods and we are going to fish in water that never saw tackle before. After our long ride we'll be ready for a mere 25 miles tomorrow. But if we strike a good fishin' place we'll stick. My shoes are *long* enough, my clothes warm. Our party is just right.

We have lots of kodaks and I've got to write up our trip for *Outing* or *Field and Stream*. It's going to be fun riding in this gale. It's enough to blow one off the horse. Well, got to go again.

[*Glacier Hotel—August 3, 1920.*] My wire sent yesterday should have relieved any anxiety as to my safety or whereabouts. Our trip so far has been novel and wild and interesting, for we dived right into the wildest mountains in the West and were like lambs in the hands of our guides, but they managed well and their craftiness and knowledge of the country has *made* our trip. We left Mr. Stone's place with two guides, four pack horses and our four saddle horses, ten horses in all, and followed the Indian hunting spots to camp, the best fishing pools, the best scenery.

We've all had fishing tackle and guns and our fare has been ideal. We've had grouse and squirrels till we're sick of them and rainbow trout till we don't dare look one in the face. I've fished a few times, always with some success. The guides are good cooks and after riding from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, hacking, leading our horses, making and breaking camp with two plunges a day into melted snow, our appetites are incorrigible. We four fellows are highly congenial. We usually ride from nine till twelve—and from two till five. The guides pack the horses, cook, hobble, do all the disagreeable work. We're all asleep and the campfire out by ten and we sleep till *eight*—a terrible camping rising hour, but this is our vacation so we do as we please. We lay over three days one place—on the edge of a pine-surrounded lake, just fished and read and slept.

I've been wretched from sunburn, incurred the first day, and since I've ridden with a towel over my face. The temperature is

delightful, never hot, but the sun blisters in a minute. Mike and I have slept in one big bedding roll with eight blankets, and have been comfortable. Our mountains have been in wild country, far, far wilder than the Park. We saw *one* man, a fire guard, our entire trip from Stone's to Java, *but* dozens of sheep and goats on inaccessible crags, a bear and several moose. The Park is humanized and civilized and soft.

We reached Java night before last, and rushed to Belton for our mail. I got *lots*. We spent the night and left for Lake McDonald yesterday morning. The water is inky blue and the mountains surrounding impregnably sheer and embattled, yet the people here say pooh! pooh! when I stand agape at the view and say *this* is stupid compared with that beyond. Two Kansas City girls are here and we six have had a time, swam and danced and soda-ed and played bridge, but we must go back to Java tonight and on tomorrow for another ten days of camping over a different route back to Stone's. So I'll wire again from Browning when I return there.

I was never safer. Dad, we don't have to *stand* in our stirrups any more, and can ride all day and never notice it, and long for the unbarred prairies around Stone's so we can gallop.

Vacation over, senior year begins.

[*Princeton—Sunday night, September 27, 1920.*] Homesick—just as if I'd never been away at night in my life! I've given up ever getting over it.

I was down to dinner at Hamill at Lawrenceville this evening and had a delightful visit with Mr. Henry. The old school was never so beautiful or appealing. We talked of Wesley's entering there three years ago.

My, what a whirl this week has been. It seemed I was drifting along calmly in a canoe at home and all of a sudden go dashing over some roaring falls which are Princeton. Mike and Chan were here and we visited till late. Saturday I saw Profs, got my gym locker, exercised, moved *Pic* furniture, saw all *Pic* men back, had posters printed. Our new officers are a joy. I'm up to my neck in my subscription campaign to get at the students before the *Tiger* and

*Prince*. Last year we had 300 subscriptions among the students; I'll not stop under 1000 this time. Meeting all the gang in New York for a reunion at two tomorrow. It is fun to be busy. I want to get all I can done before school work interferes. I'll take a course in Shakespeare in place of short story, and Henry van Dyke's course in Poetry, Money and Banking, Speaking, perhaps International Law or Oriental Literature, and French—all stickers.

[*Princeton—September 30, 1920.*] Wednesday is going to be my hardest day, but I find great consolation in the fact that I'm sure to hear from home that day, to be cheered and encouraged and loved. I always need all three, but more than ever this fall. It's going to be a momentous fall, one long remembered, just as this summer will be. In fact, the entire last fifteen months have brought me more contentment and benefit and happiness than previous years. Surely now I am favored by the gods in environment, training and opportunities. I've no right ever to be discouraged.

I laughed out loud, Dad, at your "hope you have love for further adventures." Why, I have traveled far and wide in twenty years, but it's a mere trifle to what I'm going to do. It's what I enjoy most, when I'm most alive and farthest away from the commonplaceness of earth. Whatever little poise I have acquired has been acquired to a big extent from the advantages of travel and the associations it involves.

I'm in the dumps about our *Pic*. We've got our publishing rates arranged satisfactorily—more than last year, but still quite reasonable. Ads are very slow and limited—they always are—but our campus subscriptions are desperate. There are four papers, *Prince*, *Tiger*, *Lit* and *Pic*, and last come is out of it. Everyone on the *Pic* board volunteered to solicit one dorm and I felt constrained to do my part. After working the whole board three nights, we've got only 300. *How* I detest soliciting! It's so far beneath the dignity of a senior, and head of the paper, but every ounce of our strength is necessary to meet competition; so last night in the pouring rain I canvassed freshmen all over town. Ever since we opened, all my friends have visited and enjoyed one another, while I rushed hither and thither trying to force *Pic* on unwilling buyers.

My schedule—I got in advanced Public Speaking—includes Spaeth's course in Shakespeare (instead of International Law), Money and Banking, Oriental Literature, French with a *Frenchman*, and Dr. Henry van Dyke's Nineteenth-Century Poetry. I'm delighted with it. First class at nine. I've just the preceptors I want, too. I hope I have time to work and thus enjoy my classes.

But he did not get those courses in without a struggle.

[*Princeton—October 10, 1920.*] My war with the university is progressing rapidly and at present the enemy is retreating, thanks to my visit to all the ten men on the Curriculum Committee. It looks as if I can have the courses I want. As usual luck broke in my favor—it almost always does except in golf—don't know about love yet. Our subscription has passed 525 on the campus and we ought to glean 250 more. Our issue is slowly and exasperatingly getting on. My two best photographers are tearing around the country speaking for politics. We had our first Speaking Class last night—subject, League of Nations. I was astonished at the speaking power of most of the members who have been at it three years, but I need it so much.

I wonder what *Field and Stream* is doing with our story.

October 14, 1920

Dear Dad:—

I decided to let you pay this bill of \$22.98 and \$3, else I wouldn't have much left. Books cost millions now. We got our issue of *Pic* out after an all-night session Sunday and we find it will be necessary to order 2000, or more than any other publication on the campus, including the *Princetonian*. This is not a letter—but a bill!

[*Tuesday, October 19, 1920.*] I had an unusual experience with my photographic manager. All of a sudden for no reason he resigns from our board, and several other things. I asked him why. He says for three years he has slaved, sat up nights, neglected his studies, read not a line, drifted from his friends, grown thin and developed the worry habit, and his last year he is going to try to be free and live



his own life. He didn't try to excuse himself for the awkward position he placed his co-workers in. But now he gets eight hours' sleep and two hours' exercise—can read, visit, write and be free of "wrinkled care." I understood his position so well I could not be very angry at him. He figured out it didn't pay in the long run. I wonder if it does! However, his work has fallen on my shoulders and it's heavy. Life is so short—especially youth—it seems a shame that it makes so many of us draft horses.

The *Pic* is the best *Pic* since its beginning. We think it is the *best* pictorial published by any college in America, and thus the world. You say, "Should that not make you proud?" It would but for the lack of organization, the escaped steam and inefficiency and general irresponsibility. It's a clever publication, though, in spite of the muck it has to plow through.

My engravers, after promises to have my cuts Saturday to the printers, got ill and only got them there this morning (Tuesday) because I went down and stormed till they dropped everything else to do the work. I didn't even trust the truck driver who carried the cuts from one office to the other but rode right with him. It takes six days to print and, with Monday lost, night work at double prices is necessary in order to get our *Pics* out Saturday for a 10,000 spectator football game where we hope to sell 500 issues. The situation required my presence, though I had to cut five classes to do it.

Mike and I went to Trenton Friday night and played bridge at Helen's—had a very merry evening but we are too busy for such frivolities. I'm sending Haff and the Doctor two seats for the Yale game on November 13. There'll be 50,000 people in town and how I wish you could see it. I like the Public Speaking—only made two or three speeches and they were prepared. I'll have to come to the extemporaneous by degrees. It's all lots of fun.

As usual this letter has been a ramble of facts requiring or offering no thought, just impulses, but that's the way I live.

[*Princeton—Monday night, November 2, 1920.*] Your long-lost son, after a long hibernation, comes to—only he has been far from being asleep like Bro. Bear. The Yale game *Pic* went to press last night. Our circulation management is greatly improved this year.

My despair of 1000 paid subscriptions was groundless. We oversold our last edition and had to steal or buy the issues out of the dormitory rooms to cover outside subscribers. We raised the price from 25c to 30c per copy and for the Yale game it will be 50c. Everybody will be in a holiday mood and will pay 50c. We hope to sell 4000 copies. It will be the biggest effort yet.

In sophomore year I studied the utilitarian philosophy of life and decided that was really my philosophy. Expediency! Consider only the result and its effect. If the effect of the result is best, then don't consider the *method* of achieving that result. This is very dangerous, for the philosophy of conventional right and wrong does not enter into the situation. It winks at dishonesty and even at murder if the benefit achieved by committing them is greater than that by not. This tends to make one unscrupulous. I've snitched pictures, and lied for the *Pic* and torn up valuable books—done anything to put out the best possible issue—not to be prevented by any little consideration for personal property. One person is outraged and indignant, but 1000 subscribers and readers are pleased and attracted by the result. Not that these lacks of scruple *now* have much influence, but the tendency is strong. P'raps I'll hang for embezzlement some day.

I'm enjoying Dr. Henry van Dyke's English Poetry course more than anything I take. It demands three 2000-word essays in three months. My Shakespeare demands the same thing. In Public Speaking we have to deliver a 1500-word oration every month, and other essays require 10,000 words. So I'll wield a fast pen this fall.

I've always suffered from overconscientiousness. It really is a fault and source of unhappiness. At M. U. S. I wept if I was absent from school and was distracted if unprepared for a lesson. But I'm snapping out of that.

Well, I must write an editorial—shall it be on prunes or prisms? Any way it must *be* something, so good night.

[*Princeton—Sunday afternoon, November 8, 1920.*] *What* a hectic week end! Yesterday was the best fall day I ever saw, a golden glow over everything. So Mike, who stayed at home also, and I decided to take an outing of some sort. We hired a Ford for twelve hours and

about 4 P.M. set sail for Philadelphia—had dinner—went to the theater—home about 2:30. The roads were good and the night was cold and clear. We had our sheepskin coats and blankets. We never spent a more delightful day—had the top down and just us two. We plan to do it as often as possible, which means never again most likely. The college is deserted and quiet for once, all in preparation for the revel next week end when Yale and Princeton play here.

I'm fretting over the piles of class work past, present and due that stares me in the face. I've studied this fall only by snatches, interrupted, hurriedly, and as for steady, concentrated grind, where one gets an idea and holds it, not at all. Reading *Hamlet* in an hour or 200 pages of *Foreign Exchange* in two is not much mental training. Mike and Larry exasperate me, for every evening they see their friends for an hour after dinner, study from 8 till 11:30, do their work well and consistently and go to bed just as I'm coming in from the *Pic* office for an hour's work only, so as to get to bed by 12:30. Each day is a struggle for me, and an easy well-ordered adventure, often monotonous, for them.

Everything here went 99% for Harding at the election. But the sun will shine just as bright and we'll all have just as many worries and pleasures as under Democratic rule. Xmas is *not* very far distant—how I wish I could skip till then! Still, midyears come so soon after, dozens of essays and *Pics* in mad succession. So after all what's the use of wishing it were any other time? I know only too well I'll be wishing the rest of my life I could be as carefree and joyful of life as I was my senior year at Princeton.

Today Mike and I arranged a real-estate deal for a whole house for next commencement. It takes care of our two families, eleven beds and three baths. We want it for a week. The house is furnished and it is close to the club for meals.

[*Princeton—Sunday night, 11:59, November 30, 1920.*] My Thanksgiving vacation has been the pleasantest few days I've known in Princeton. *Oh*, what an orgy of rest and sleep—and work, too! It began Wednesday. Everybody in college went tearing away as if Princeton were poison. Poor idiots! Only Mike and Shorty and I knew better. We three went to the Firemen's Ball here in town and



More amused than impressed by the sprawling grandeur of a mythological warrior, Richard mimics his pose in Berlin.



Bicycles for two. Mike took this picture of Richard in Holland.

had the time of our lives. I read all Saturday afternoon *A Vagabond Journey around the World*, for Mr. Franck is lecturing at L'ville soon and I'm to have dinner with him. Aren't you jealous, Dad? I must finish his book before then. I'll surely pump information from him.

I've read *Hamlet* for a fourth time (and shall many times again, as it is the most inexhaustible piece of literature), and written a 3000 word essay on "Hamlet before the First Act"—all since supper. I could do millions of work under the present state, even if I did flunk my "Money and Banking" mid-term test with about a 20. I never failed a test before, but I've not the time to bother. I'll never be a banker. The next nicest thing to being a whirlwind of occupation is to be in a big comfortable chair asleep. One can't enjoy the last without the first.

[*Princeton—Monday, December 6, 1920.*] Just came back from Mrs. Robinson's funeral. She was taken ill very suddenly and died even more suddenly. In fact, I knew nothing of it till the day after. I'm so sorry. There were few boys she loved more than me—and there are few outsiders I love more than her. Her neat little house was packed to the attic with friends—dozens of her old boys, for everyone that ever was a Kennedy House boy adored Mrs. "Roby."

I've been utterly *consumed* by the *Pic* all week. Sometimes I think I *hate* it all, and yet when I once plunge in I forget all else but the joy of production—producing something live and worthy and readable. That's the only motive. Funny, in college we fight literally for honors and opportunities to work ourselves to death. We get no honor, certainly no reward in money, we risk our friendships and club life and grades in lifting the *self-imposed* burden—and if we are not lifting, feel self-reproachful. Queer! I'm not getting light and careless about my work, not at all, but I do not have any chance to study and the contest now is to get through on wits and not wisdom. The trouble is I'm interested only in the *Pic* and all else here is incidental. But everyone else is the same way. Shorty runs the Y. M. C. A. and manages the basketball team, Mike manages the track team, Larry dozens of things and athletics, Heinie is my circulation manager and is on the crew.

I keep my business department in hot water. I've at last got the best offices in college, had them papered, and \$100 in shelves and tables installed, and \$300 I've spent on a developing room with electric drying fans and basins. Just now when I'm on the downhill side of my editorship (nine issues done and four to go), the *Pic* for the first time in its life is something—*officed* and out of debt and circulating and *anticipated*, up-to-date equipment. And then I'll leave it all for the next board who will appreciate it not in the *least*.

Dad, all the years after my senior are going to be developing, but not so much as this one. I wouldn't want them so "developing." The strain would get monotonous. But college is little more than a push for momentum so that you can spring into life's activities. "Routine of Life?" Life is not *life* if it's just routine, it's only existence and marking time till death comes to divorce us from it all. Oh, to live a life that is *not* routine, *not* in a rut so deep one can't see over the sides to the limitless horizons beyond. Only to grasp the thrills and inspirations *now* instead of when I'm "settled" and uninspired with the energy of twenty. Mike heard a lecturer recently on the pitiful condition of Europe, and the difficulty of passports and passage and all the other possible glooms. He came to me and said, "Dick, what do you think about our waiting till conditions are more favorable?" Bosh! He doesn't realize the difficulty will be half the fun. He doesn't thrill at the hope that the conditions are *not usual*. All the more adventure if traveling is the more difficult.

The more imagination one has the more travel means. I'm going to read history by the library-full in the spring.

Well, believe me, I know what I'll do when I get through the *Prince* and the *Pic*—not till April first, however. I shall sleep and rest and read and visit and live. The undergraduate schools committee asked me to form a Southern Club. I shouted back, "No, get someone else." I was asked to be an editor on the Senior Class Book. Again it was "Never." Mike put my name up for class odist as at L'ville, but well-known lyricists and musicians are in the contest. I haven't a chance as I'm not known for anything so esthetic. As for school days, after next June—oh, fateful month!—I'm not interested. Lots of my friends are going to Boston Tech and law schools, but I want to go around the world.

Gosh, Dad, I suppose business conditions are about as bad as possible. I hope you won't have to sacrifice to get me through school. I'm a rather expensive hobby, I guess. Yes, money-making is the hardest thing in life for the uninspired, but I feel as positive as anything I'll find *something* new and use my imagination to make dollars out of it. I revolt at the idea of being a bank clerk or any other sort of "beginning at the bottom." I'm going to be my own boss from the first whatever I do. I can't work for anybody else and not have the reins. I'll never be happy or progressive that way.

[*Princeton—Wednesday afternoon, December 15, 1920.*] Only three more days and I can let the fires under my boilers cool down and run on one volt instead of ten. The last few days have been exasperating beyond measure. My printing press has been on strike for several days and inexperienced pressmen have taken their place. Our cuts from the engraver were impossible. Some of them had to be made over. I planned to have our Christmas issue out yesterday, but it will be tomorrow perhaps, and at that I've spent three afternoons and evenings trying to keep the pressmen from throwing up the job. But last night about ten I left the press knowing that the last sheet or "form" was ready. All I have to say is, "Ha, ha!" But I realize in a few years I'll look back at this year and smile at the tragic way I looked at such trivial matters, just as now I cannot see how I ever worked myself up into such frenzies about the funny little *Lawrence*.

I was in a grocery store recently buying oranges for Mike, who was ill with indigestion. I saw a big Xmas fruit cake in a fancy tin box, the top of which was decorated with dancing elves. I was in sore need of a cover for our next issue and the cake top struck me as just the thing—but the darned thing cost \$7.50 and they wouldn't sell the box sans cake. But by paying \$7.50 as collateral I was allowed to rent the top for a few hours for 50c, take it to the photographer and have a print made and take the top back to the grocery store. The cry is "Let somebody else do it, Dick," but nobody else would have thought of the cake top, or of getting it if he had.

Speaking of living one's life, a friend of mine showed me a letter from his father to this effect: The boy, age twenty-two and on the



Senior Council, had written to Baltimore to ask his father's permission to go to a Saturday night dance in Philadelphia costing \$3.82 in railroad fare. The father wrote back that after considering it, he would consent. Meanwhile the boy failed in a test, the notice going to the father who rushes to write the boy again that he has *vetoed* his permission for the party. No wonder the boy has absolutely no initiative or individuality, and they have no mutual understanding. I told him the sooner he breaks away and stands on his own feet the better for him.

Princeton—Sunday, January 9, 1921

My dear Mudder:—

Your never-failing wire this morning reminded me what day it is—I'd really quite forgotten in the sweep of activity since my return—but you never forget. I've had such a lonesome, lost feeling every since my return. The six years in which I've developed a will and personality of my own have been spent in New Jersey, and I always come back to it with a sigh of relief and contentment, but this last holiday, so smooth and untroubled and companionable, has opened my eyes to my own home and I love it as I never did before.

Tonight I feel like Conrad in quest of his youth. Nine more years and I'll be thirty and the last vestige of youth will be gone. At present I can look forward to no joy in life beyond thirty. I see there the end of my ability to enjoy and love and *live*—it's only existence for me after that. That's the disadvantage of being one of this ultra-modern generation—we are satiated before nature intended us to be. The thrills and cream of life, as well as the dross, have been sprinkled through the years for you and your age, but they have fallen on my head all at once and the sky is empty and monotonously gray. The automobile, the moving pictures, the benefits of constantly increasing means, travel, New York and Paris, the war and then the world, have come to your generation after you were old enough to be interested in them as they came. But I have fallen into the midst of them and am accustomed to them. However, you are saying, no doubt, that all this proves I am very, very young—discouragingly young, for it's the way inexperienced youth has talked since the beginning.

What a brimming full year this last has been for me. It found me in Paris—my last few busy days—the experience of a sea voyage de luxe—our two weeks in New York—my eventful college term with the *Pic*—the quiet weeks in Memphis with you, Dad and Ammudder, divided by the unusual and successful Montana outing—Glacier Park—St. Paul and home again—my struggle through the fall here to be rewarded by the two happiest weeks I ever spent back at home—all in *365 days*. It seems almost incredible! What man can boast of a 21st year such as this? But it's only a prelude to my 22nd. Nor is the next to be unique for its prosaicness nor any up to thirty. After that, I don't care. You have taught me to avoid self-depreciation, yet I cannot help but think sometimes that I have failed to gain the full courage and strength and poise and control and intellectual development from these amazing years that I should have. While I'm discouraged at having gained only an inch, I do realize I am on the one and only track which leads to an ell. How I should like to read my letter written on my 22nd birthday!

This is *your* day, Mother dear, not mine. I'm in the midst of a race—what an unfortunate time to choose for a birthday letter to one's mother—but the love is here, the sympathy, the admiration.

[*Princeton—Saturday, January 22, 1921.*] I “take my pen in hand” for the first time in about two weeks, but that doesn't mean I have not had my typewriter in hand day and night. Between essays, tests and *Pic*, I've become a human dynamo—and now that I can stop and look back over the past two weeks I marvel that I have accomplished so much, yet got enough sleep, exercise and food. Of course, the *Pic* was an extra big issue. But I forgot the anger and weariness and sweat it takes in the pleasure of seeing it take root and grow and bear fruit. It's the “Vacation Number” and eight pages extra. The senior class is voting now on “most popular,” “best athlete,” etc., and everybody in my club has flatteringly given me “most original.”

Whoopee, but it's got cold—wonderful skating—I've had a short jog trot over the frozen ground and “breathed deep.”

If you come to New York for vacation and go to a hotel, I want a room with two beds so I can have Mike and Larry stay with me. I never felt closer to my four roommates, with the shadow of separation

beginning to darken. I've made new fast friends this year, foolishly late.

Dad, I got 85 on my Money and Banking essay.

I made out my schedule for next term. When the Dean saw it he asked sarcastically, "Aren't you afraid you are going to be over-worked?" I told him I was afraid of nothing of the sort, that I had slaved all last term and the present one and I was tired to death, and also sick of so much practical economics which I did not need and which bores me. So I'm taking Victorian Literature (Dickens, Thackeray, etc.), American Ideals (Whitman, Longfellow, Emerson, etc.), Ancient Oriental Literature (the Bible and Hebrew writings), Advanced Public Speaking (orations and extemporaneous), and fifthly, Modern Painters (1600-1920). It was hard to choose. But I calmly sidestepped anything that smelled of work and essays. I hope to use my time in reading history and travel, in exercise outdoors and in company, so as to be fit to begin my trip and write about it entertainingly. If I feel I have enough material and pictures for a good book, I shall feel it my duty when I return to do that first—other things after. With all that in mind I took five easy, pleasant, cultural, informative courses, and I was *exactly* right. I wish I'd done it long ago.

[*Princeton—February 9, 1921.*] Yes, Dad, we *have* so little time for relaxed conversation. The Ancient Greeks insisted the only purpose of education was to facilitate expression. In that respect mine has been only partly successful. The only way to learn to express is to express, and I've been too busy getting ideas and information to express anything.

I've taken advantage to some extent of my opportunities but the *important* thing is that I *realize* that the reaches of life are infinite, and that a door has been opened from a room with four walls to the great outdoors. With this realization I can continue to experiment instead of hibernating in one confine. The more I think about the idea of the book and lecturing, the more it appeals. I believe I could write a salable book.

I've been asked several times to go on deputations for the Y. M. C. A., speaking on the broadest aspects of life and religion.

I've never had a chance to as yet, but this spring I might go in heavily for it. My work in the speaking course here has helped very much and while at first I was nervous and retiring, they can't keep me down now.

[*Princeton—Wednesday morning, March 2, 1921.*] Saturday I met Mike in New York to see Mary Garden in *Faust*. I'd never seen that opera before and was duly impressed and delighted. Mary is as young and interesting as ever. After dinner Mike, Larry and I returned to the Manhattan and heard Galli Curci in *Rigoletto*. Both performances we had seats in the balcony with all the garlic-smelling wops, but that's the true atmosphere.

[*Princeton—Sunday, March 6, 1921.*] On April first the last *Pic* is buried. I've spent my time this week bickering about the next board, and it's all settled exactly as I would have it. My last issue is going to be a special "Abandoned" number containing the most outrageous and amusing copy and contents we dare publish. Every publication has a last fling—it's an old custom.

Well, our prom was a huge success. I did not have a girl, but as I knew dozens that were there, I had quite enough partners.

Our class begins again tomorrow, and I shall speak on our lost academic spirit in college—which I bewail, but am a cause of as much as anyone. Our interest is every place but on our books. Princeton and other universities, therefore, turn out business men of culture, men who will lead in the material world, but few great college presidents, writers, diplomats, philosophers, professors, research students, in comparison with old universities, where academic training was of first importance.

You suggest, Dad, that I keep the check from *Field and Stream* as a souvenir. I can hardly do that, but their letter of acceptance will serve the purpose. I'm wondering when I shall settle down to the grind again. I was so ground by last term there's a reaction, I suppose, that is only natural.

Spring makes it hard to "concentrate" on other things than play and fresh air. But tomorrow is Monday and I have five classes—none of which I've thought about, so better look to 'em now.

[*Princeton—Thursday night, March 31, 1921.*] Easter Sunday was perfect here, bright, sunny, and warm. Even Shorty left me to preach in Philadelphia. Feeling very rested, I could not resist the outdoors—put on my walking shoes and followed the canal back through woods and fields to the road leading to L'ville (all alone) and struck across to the old school coming down upon it in the twilight from above. They, too, were having vacation and no lights were on. Never has it seemed so appealing. A rush of emotions and memories came over me as I looked from Kennedy House to Upper and the other familiar haunts of the benign spot. Mr. Henry's great red tulip bed was in bloom, just as it was the first day we went for a walk which began our unusual and invaluable friendship. I was hungry and thirsty and was glad to see a familiar light in Mrs. van Dyke's house. They were at home and asked me in to supper. How the two younger girls have grown! Penelope has become a beautiful, charming girl. Those were such pleasant days, *now*. Well, after two hours' visit I followed the highway home, physically tired for the first time in weeks.

I've spent several hours recently drawing zigzag lines on a big map of Europe. These lines are itinerary—where I should *like* to go. It looks more like a gadfly's route or a labyrinth than a European trip. One would believe this was to be my last trip to Europe and that I was seeing everything this time to make sure. My course in Oriental Literature is fascinating. It's given me a great desire to "do" Egypt. The course drifts to Babylonia and Assyria. My studies in Rembrandt, Rubens, etc., lead the line through Antwerp and Amsterdam. My lifelong desire to travel in Alsace diverts us from the Rhine banks inland. The line gropes south to Marseilles. I *must* go back to that fascinating town. A walking trip starts at Cannes and follows the most beautiful coast in the world to Genoa. Then I shall go across Italy to Corfu, and from the "Isles of Greece" to Athens. I *must* climb Mt. Olympus and sail up the Dardanelles to Constantinople. That's as far as I got. Well, you see, I'm just *full* of wanderlust and when I pore over the map I itch to see it and *feel* it.

Before being done with the *Pic*, four or five of us seniors were planning a theater party to celebrate out of our profits, but I grabbed every cent and \$100 besides out of the bank and spent it on my last

issue. \$950 for one *Pic*, and they usually cost about \$500. Instead of our having \$75 or so apiece to spend personally I spent all of it and leave the next board \$100 in debt to pay. *But we* had to pay bang-off \$1100 of the last board's debts and I didn't think it fair to make *one* board pay for the stupidity and mistakes of all previous boards. If we pay \$1100 of the debt, the others can pay \$100.

[*Princeton—Friday night, April 9, 1921.*] I'm utterly lost with nothing to do. It's such a blank sort of sensation. I've been looking forward to it for a year, and it's not at all what I expected. In fact, I really don't like it, but I do like writing to you and shall indulge myself more and more my depressingly few remaining weeks.

At last we have arrived again at spring! The vegetation seems to have recovered from the frost recently and our little town is once more a wonder spot to glory in. I should like to live here. The academic, cultured, social atmosphere, the accessibility to New York and Philadelphia, the sheer beauty of the place, all combine to draw one back. It is a town of 6000, but half the home-owners in it are in *Who's Who*—lawyers, artists, architects, statesmen, financiers, and an unequaled group of educational authorities who are too close to be appreciated. Einstein is coming to spend the spring months as a lecturer. Alfred Noyes and Dr. van Dyke draw crowds. Wilson and Cleveland are stamped on the place. Professor Gauss is the highest authority in America on the literature of the Romance languages. Conklin in biology and Russell in astronomy are better known in Europe than America. I could go on for pages, but my point is that, with all this dazzling mass and source of inspiration and wisdom, I have spent my two years of discretion—with *Pic*. Am I a better man for it or has it been a waste? I've taken and know no biology, no geology, little math, little philosophy, no astronomy, no architecture, no chemistry, no foreign language but French. You may ask what I have had. English, English and more English—French which I learned in Paris—a *good* history course both European and American—a pleasant Horace course—public speaking—and Modern Painting—there are all I've got any benefit from. But I've covered English prose and poetry up and down, in and out, and am better read than 99% of my class in this respect, only might be twice or ten times as

widely read if I had *read*—which I've not done—or done too hastily to profit by it.

Dad, you say that in college I have learned "to think and analyze and apply thought and analysis to working out my problems." I hope I have. I get very blue at times because I realize I don't think and analyze, but depend on an impetuous but irrepressibly energetic force to carry me along. I always get there, though upside down sometimes. How many times I have resolved to write oftener and at less length! But I do so dislike to write *anything* half-way. I may be careless about my speech and time and my money, but whenever I pick up a pen R. Halliburton becomes a *very conscientious* person.

I've a picture of my book—a great melting pot of history, literature, personal autobiography, humor, drawings, paintings, photographs, pathos, romance, adventure, comedy, tragedy, all branching off, but an integral part of the most vivid narrative of real experiences of a very live, open-eyed and sympathetic young man on an unconventional and originally executed circumnavigation of the globe, all bound up in a large and richly covered volume with *Wanderlust* in big gilt letters across the front. There! That's rather concrete, isn't it. It will vitalize my trip, experience my pen, exercise my thoughts, and collect in a manuscript all I have learned and all I can extract from a prodded imagination. The trip will be one education. The manuscript will be another. There can *be no failure!* There'll be a Book. No, I don't want a Baedeker, nor a Harry Franck, nor a Mark Twain, nor a Frederick O'Brien, but something of each, plus chiefly me. Above *all things* it will be neither stupid nor monotonous. If a man does not sing, actually or theoretically, when he works, there must be something wrong either with the man or the work.

[*Princeton—Saturday night, April 17, 1921.*] Since my last letter, I've been disturbed by a comprehension and introspection which have never impressed me before, and which I don't like to think about now. It's this! Among the students of every college there are always a group of men who think more clearly, speak more intelligently, seem to be more developed mentally and socially than the great mass of their fellow students. They are mostly Phi Beta

Kappas, influential speakers, serious students. In which class is included none of my close friends or I.

In other words, I see myself satisfied with less than the best, choosing something other than the highest development Princeton can give me. And then I begin to cross-examine myself. Granting that I became determined that further training is best, *now*, just when real enthusiasm for intellectual development has come to me, would the fact that I would be able to lead a fuller life for having got it compensate me for the three or four more years of concentrated effort? And would I then loathe to become a great lawyer, or statesman, or college president or the writer of exalted unreadable literature? Perhaps this is all answered by my choice to edit the *Lawrence* and the *Prince* and the *Pic*; perhaps the higher life has not enough action and freedom; perhaps my *Book* will refute my doubting mind.

Suppose this: Why not Oxford—for a year, to try it? Take a three months' summer trip and be in England in October. After a year there I'll be only 22 then. I could try for a Rhodes Scholarship, which, added to your support, Dad, would establish me excellently. If one year's experience proved unsatisfactory—enough! Please write me what you think about all this. As things stand now, I want to go *all the way around*.

[*Princeton—Sunday night, April 24, 1921.*] *Field and Stream* gave me a very good space—three pages. A number of people have spoken to me about it. Let's hope this is just the first of many more, and that the name of the author will become a familiar one to many readers.

My roommates and I had a 41 Patton handball tournament recently and I won the beer-mug trophy. There is a club dance every Friday night for a month, and I'll be partying myself to death. Still as I weighed 150 pounds yesterday stripped, I'd better do something, else I get too pudgy.

This room has been filled with a howling mob all night. I'll stop and sing some too.

[*Princeton—Friday afternoon, May 7, 1921.*] What a pleasant